

# The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly Review  
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## The Lounger

CONGRATULATIONS and many happy returns to Edmund Clarence Stedman, scholar, poet, critic, and friend! On the 8th of last month Mr. Stedman reached threescore years and ten, but you would have to hear it from his own lips to believe that he had arrived at any such age. To be sure his hair and beard are white as the driven snow, but that is no sign of age; Mr. Stedman began turning gray before he was forty. His hair, though white, is as thick as it was when I first knew him some thirty years ago, and his complexion as ruddy. Mr. Stedman is a man of many accomplishments. Trained as a journalist, later in life he became a banker, and he has always been a poet and a critic of high rank. This magazine has had no better friend than Mr. Stedman. He was one of the first to be consulted before its birth and he contributed the leading essay to its first number. His valuable and kindly advice has been one of THE CRITIC'S chief assets. Long may he live to enrich American literature which he has done so much to encourage!

Mr. Stedman has in a way celebrated his threescore years and ten by writing an introduction to the "Recollections" of his lifelong friend, the late Richard Henry Stoddard. The names of Sted-

man and Stoddard have long been associated not only in friendship but in literature. Forty years ago Stedman showed his first work to Stoddard, who introduced him to a publisher. Stedman became better known than Stoddard, and more successful as a poet and man of affairs. Stoddard was a poet only; he knew nothing about affairs, and cared less. Speaking of those early days when he and Stoddard read and talked together "under the evening lamp," Mr. Stedman amusingly alludes to them as the days "when publishers were more afraid of poetry than they now are of verse." I should like to say more of this volume of Mr. Stoddard's "Recollections," but reserve that pleasure for another time and more space. I can only say here that Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, who has edited the book, has done his work with taste and discretion. It is a pity there were not more men of his quality to edit posthumous "recollections."

Speaking of biography, it is seldom that I have enjoyed a book more than Mr. Henry James's "William Wetmore Story and His Friends." I have been looking forward to this book because from what I knew of Mr. James and of Mr. Story I was sure it would be interesting, but it has surpassed my expect-

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MRS. KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN  
(From an unpublished photograph)



THE LATE W. W. STORY

tations, for I did not expect so much of Mr. James's personality as is found on every page. Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" may in many respects be the most important biography of the year, but I do not hesitate to say that Mr. James's "Life of William Wetmore Story" is most interesting. It is an unusual book, and if it does not become a classic among biographies it will be because posterity does not know a good thing when it sees it. The selection from the Browning letters alone is sufficient to establish the claim of this book if not to immortality to something very near it. This is strong language, but it is intended to be.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin seems to have repeated her "Penelope" success with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." While Mrs. Wiggin's work is marked by a note of pathos, witness "The Birds' Christmas Carol," the touch of humor predominates, and it is humor that greases the axle on which the world revolves. We are supposed to be a frivolous people, and so we are on the surface, but we work so hard that we have got to laugh as an outlet, and you will find that most successful books and plays have humor as their predominant note.

This Lament for Mrs. Wiggin's Pe-

nelope was written by an admiring Scot, who hides his identity behind the initials H. T.:

The simmer birds are here again,  
O' their sweet notes nae broo hae we,  
For while they sing in blythest strain,  
We're wae to want Penelope!

The King has come, the King has gaen,—  
A great and gracious monarch he,—  
But och! he smiled on us in vain,  
We're wae to want Penelope!

The Ministers,—a godly train,—  
"Established" and "United-Free,"  
In their Assemblies mak their maen,  
"We're wae to want Penelope!"

And ane and a', that hae been fain  
And heartsome in her companie,  
We sigh and sob, we greet and graen,  
"We're wae to want Penelope!"

Two new magazines have appeared in London: one *The Independent Review*, published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, the other *The Book Monthly*, published by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. I dare say that the title *Independent Review* is a good one, but are not all Reviews that amount to anything independent? Is this one of Mr. Unwin's any more independent than *The Contemporary* or *The Nineteenth Century* or *Blackwood's*? However, as periodicals go, there is not much in a name.

*The Book Monthly* pays the compliment of imitation to THE CRITIC. It is not an exact duplicate of the contents and make-up of this magazine, but it is very like it, beginning with illustrated paragraphs in the manner of "The Lounger," and continuing with special articles, book reviews, etc. The most timely article in this new literary magazine is on Mr. Morley's Gladstone. Of course it is not a criticism of that book, for no one was allowed to see the sheets or any scrap of it until the day of publication, but it is an account of its writing, of the tremendous amount of work that Mr. Morley had to do, and how he did it. There were hundreds of thousands



Photo by

Hamilton Foy

MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE AT PENMAENMAWR, NORTH WALES

of letters to be read, accepted, or discarded. Fortunately, Mr. Gladstone had his letters and papers systematically arranged. He prided himself on being able to lay his hand on a letter or a document any time that he wanted it, and that he could go to his famous "Octagon" without a light and pick out any letter that he needed from off the shelves. This "Octagon" was a stone safe surrounded with shelves in which thousands of letters received by him were docketed and arranged under their proper heads. This was the work of his old age, and it was carried out with the help of his daughter, Miss Helen Gladstone. It has been said that Mr. Gladstone could send a letter from Downing Street to Hawarden, if any document were wanted, with directions something to this effect: "In the right-hand corner of the front drawer of my business writing-table you will find a bunch of keys. The third key from the notch in the ring will open the lowest drawer in — bureau. In its right-hand corner you will find a packet tied with red tape, docketed

—; take out the fourth paper from the top and forward it."

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I wish that men could leave their qualities by will as well as their money. If this were possible I should have asked Mr. Gladstone to will me his bump of order. I can imagine nothing more delightful than to have every letter and document in its proper place, duly docketed. I wonder, had Mr. Gladstone been a busy editor, whether his office desk would have been as orderly as was his library table?

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Among the last photographs of Mr. Gladstone ever taken were those for which he sat, a few months before his death, at Penmaenmawr, North Wales—a favorite seaside and mountain resort of his during the last twenty years of his life. The pictures were made by the local photographer, Mr. Hamilton Foy, who snatched a fearful joy in taking them, owing to the sitter's indisposition to accommodate himself to the requirements of the camera. All





M. ÉLIE METCHNIKOFF

of them were snapshots, taken out-of-doors. The Grand Old Man sat down where he saw fit, and could not be asked to change his seat to get a better background. If he was to be taken with other people, the group was formed, the camera levelled, and then Mr. Gladstone took his place in it wherever he chose, without regard to focus. All things considered, the results were very satisfactory, and the accompanying photograph of the famous statesman, within two months of his eighty-eighth birthday, and of his

venerable wife, is a very interesting document.

at

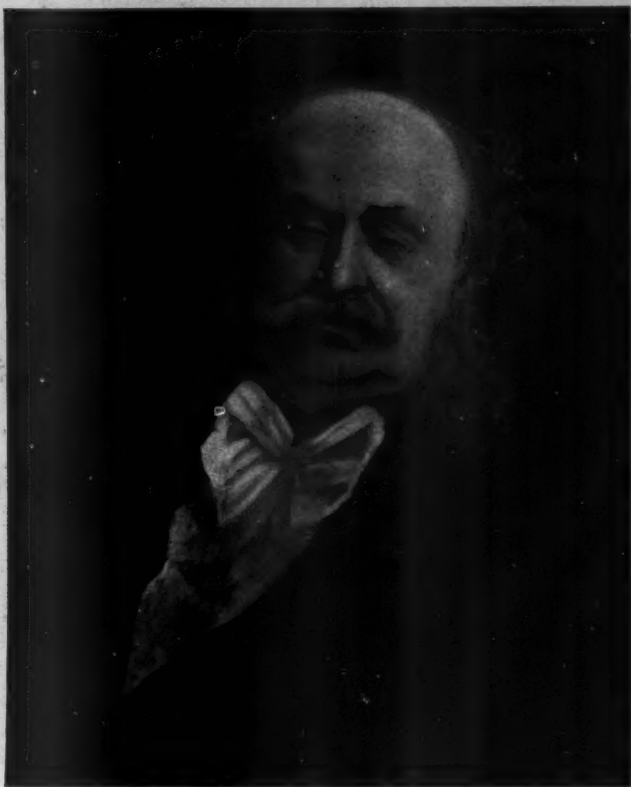
Since the death of Pasteur in 1895, M. Élie Metchnikoff is probably the most distinguished scientist in Paris. He is a Russian by birth, as his surname makes evident, and possessed of all the naïveté and large-hearted simplicity of his race. As a scientific writer he is most refreshing. His new book, "The Nature of Man," has been pronounced by English scholars the

most important contribution to science since Darwin's "Origin of Species," and yet it can be read with "ease, profit, and pleasure by the most casual amateur." Among the dry-as-dust specialists, M. Metchnikoff is as a pioneer in an untried country, and perhaps a bit of an adventurer. He demonstrates

thing to our span of life by studying his entertaining precepts.

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This fall has been rich in biography. Besides those named there is M. de Blowitz's "My Memoirs." It is like this amusing egoist to give his book so



M. DE BLOWITZ

(From the painting by Benjamin Constant)

enthusiastically and by the most approved scientific methods, that people should live a hundred and thirty odd years. A man who expires at seventy or eighty is the victim of accident, cut off in the flower of his youth! M. Metchnikoff gives very good advice about simple living in a charming and piquant way, and if his prophecies will probably not greatly prolong our day and generation, we still may add some-

personal a title, but we will not quarrel with the title nor the egoism, for it is the latter quality that makes the book so entertaining. There is the same dash and trusting to luck and not too exacting readers in these "Memoirs" as there was in his journalistic work. A writer in the London *Daily Chronicle* calls de Blowitz "the Tartarin of the *Times*," a most happy description of the famous journalist.

The most successful book play of the present season is "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," in which Miss Bertha

edly like it, and though it was dramatized by Mr. Paul Kester, who made the dramatization of "Knighthood," it



DOROTHY VERNON, (MISS GALLAND), AT THE DOOR OF HADDON HALL

Galland is starring. Every one said that "Dorothy Vernon" was too much like "When Knighthood was in Flower" to be successful. It is like it, undoubt-

is enough unlike the latter play to seem fresh and new to its audiences. Miss Galland's success as "Dorothy Vernon" proves again, if proof were



A UNIQUE ART GALLERY

necessary, that the play is the thing. For the last two or three years Miss Galland has been groping about the country with plays that did not suit her. She began her career as a star with Mr. Maurice Hewlett's "Forest Lovers," which was a flat failure. Then she tried other plays with little better success. Now she has a play that suits her and pleases her audiences, and she has "made good," as they say in the profession.

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Miss Isabel McDougall writes from Chicago: "Of all the artistic toys I have seen, the prettiest, neatest, and completest is a miniature art exhibition which is to be sent out to the Arizona tent of an invalided Chicago artist. 'If Frank Holme cannot come to see our exhibitions, we 'll just send him out one,' said the friends of that gentle Bohemian. So they constructed three mimic gallery walls, each conventionally burlapped in green of a good background tone and finished off with a picture moulding. Exhibits, limited

to two inches in size, were invited from all Chicago artists, and they poured in, coming principally from Mr. Holme's companions of the Palette and Chisel Club and from newspaper illustrators like McCutcheon, Lederer, O'Shaughnessy, and others. The latter, by the way, sent a pen-and-ink portrait of his brother artist Bradley an eighth of an inch wide that was perfectly recognizable even when photographed down to half that size. Nor was this the smallest exhibit. Water-colors, oils, black-and-whites, and even an occasional bit of sculpture came in; wee landscapes and seascapes full of color; the usual abundance of Sunsets, Gray Days, Roads to the Shore, Golden Autumns, and so on; and the usual poster-like eccentricities, or bold impressionistic orange and purple notes, and the latest fads in frames. Edgar Cameron sent a charming tiny study of clouds and waves and a brilliant little *tour de force*—a scarlet-clad cardinal in oil, about half an inch square. Marie Gelon Cameron contributed a portrait of an



DR. HENRY COTRELL ROWLAND

Indian brave in a war-bonnet, not much larger. Julia Bracken left her work on a heroic statue of Monroe for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition to take a cast of a minute cherub in bronze that she had modelled for a Bible mark. Mr. Frank Holme," adds Miss McDougall, "was one of the best-known and best-liked newspaper artists in the West before illness drove him into an exile whence from time to time issue the freakish pamphlets of the Bandar-Log Press. Mr. Holme and the Bandar-Log Press are one and indivisible. The newest of its publications is an illuminated edition of George Ade's parody on the dime novel."

Dr. Henry Cotrell Rowland, author of "Sea Scamps," combines a love of adventure pure and simple with a scientific and philosophic tendency to analyze men and events, and to trace human actions back of circumstance to racial causes. A delicate boy, continually breaking down during his college terms, Dr. Rowland's wanderings began with a winter in Florida; during which, knocking about for his health, he received his first strong literary and, perhaps, his first strong scientific impressions. These impressions, reinforced by a more recent journey on horseback through the Carolinas as examiner of local medical examiners for a

life-insurance company, led him to the writing of his first novel, a morbid and powerful though crudely written story, dealing with a pathological phase of the race problem. This novel, through the urgency of sincerely interested publishers, he has suppressed, but the interest which led to it is strong in him. It colors "Back Tracks," one of the most forcible of his stories of adventure in the seas of Japan and China ("Sea Scamps"), and has also led him to the planning of another novel dealing with the negro problem, or rather with the difficulties presenting themselves to people with a slight admixture of negro blood; but this second novel of race, being laid along very different lines from its predecessor, will probably be an unusual but acceptable piece of work.

The lion and the lamb will lie down together in the pages of the *Century Magazine* for 1904, for there Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton will write a series of "Fables and Woodland Myths." Following this announcement comes another, saying that Mr. John Burroughs will contribute a series of articles to the same magazine on "Current Misconceptions in Natural History." With a lively recollection of Mr. Burroughs's iconoclastic article in the *Atlantic Monthly* I am anticipating a sensation. Perhaps Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton is also!

Mr. Charles Lewis Hind, who has been editor of the London *Academy* ever since that literary weekly came into the possession of Mr. John Morgan Richards, has resigned his position. How great a financial success the *Academy* may have been under Mr. Hind's editorship I have no means of knowing, but I do know that it was a literary success. No other English literary journal had brighter reviews or a fresher point of view. It was perhaps a little scrappy, and I never liked its recent make-up, beginning with short book reviews instead of editorial paragraphs, but there was enough good stuff always in the *Academy* to forgive any shortcomings of make-up. Mr.



From the *Sphere*

THE LATE MRS. SUTHERLAND ORR

(From a sketch by her brother, the late Lord Leighton)

W. Teignmouth Shore has succeeded Mr. Hind in the editorial chair. I shall be interested in seeing what Mr. Shore does that Mr. Hind did not do. I have more than a passing interest in the *Academy*, for I was its first New York correspondent many, many years ago when Dr. Appleton, its founder, sat in the editorial chair. I did not know Dr. Appleton then, and he knew nothing of me beyond the letters I sent him. I imagine if he had suspected that I was such a youngster he would have hesitated before appointing me to the responsible post of New York correspondent of the *Academy*.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr has just died in London. Mrs. Orr was known as an interpreter of Browning. She was, if I mistake not, the founder of the first Browning Club. Her "A Handbook of Robert Browning" and "The Life of Robert Browning," while they were not brilliant books, found large audiences and almost established a cult. Mrs. Orr was the sister of the late Lord Leighton, who made the accompanying portrait of her, published in a recent number of the London *Sphere* for the first time.

It is as hard to account for the popularity of certain tunes as it is for the

popularity of certain books. One time it was "McGinty" whose adventures at the bottom of the sea took possession of the whistling and organ-grinding world; later it was "Mr. Dooley"; now it is "Hiawatha," which is described as "the mad melody that will not stop." Men have gone insane, it is said, from too much "Hiawatha"; a "catchy" melody to be sure, but without the dash and go of "Mr. Dooley." "Hiawatha" has not yet crossed the ocean; "Mr. Dooley" has. During the summer just past I spent a few weeks in North Wales. While lying one day in the heather at the top of a mountain a thousand feet above the village of Penmaenmawr, with nothing but the occasional note of a bird to break the silence, up from the village below came the sound of a hand organ and the strains of "Mr. Dooley" were wafted to the mountain top. "Is there no escape from this all-pervading tune?" I thought, as I wandered farther back up the mountain to get rid of it, but all the way I stepped in time to the music that I thought I had left behind me in New York. Later in the season I crossed over to Paris. One evening I was driving back of the open-air theatres that line the Champs Élysées. Stopping the carriage for a moment, I said to the friend who was with me: "Wait a minute and you will hear a characteristic French song." I had scarcely spoken the words when "Meester Doolee" floated out over the lanterns and "fairy lights" and above the noise of the popping corks.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, who is the literary editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, is a very busy woman, for in addition to the great amount of reviewing she does for that journal she still finds time to keep almost constantly in the table of contents of the leading periodicals. If she cared to collect them, her short stories printed in the magazines would easily make a volume a year. Mrs. Peattie's latest book, "The Edge of Things," differs from her previous volumes in that the stories have the same characters for the most part, and they may be read separately or con-

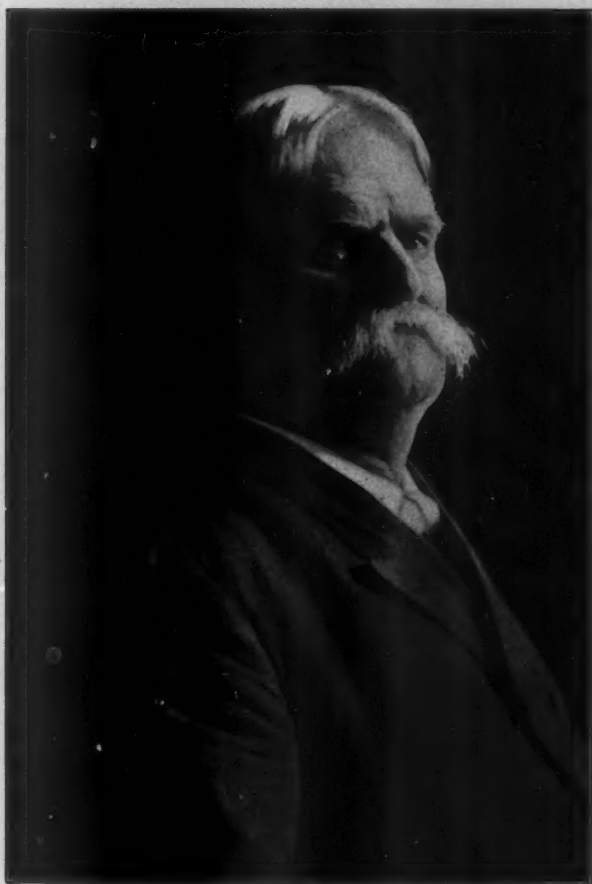


MRS. ELIA W. PEATTIE AND HER YOUNGEST SON,  
DONALD, AGED THREE YEARS

tinuously. The book takes its title from the first story, which, with the second also, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. All of these stories except the last deal with life on the sheep ranges of the West, and are written from the author's own experiences. That accounts for their spontaneity.

cated Literature," i.e., the work of Dr. John Brown and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, says of the latter:

In both his novels, and all the Breakfast Table books, and to some extent in his poetry, he undermines the sense of responsibility. When the facts are brought into the light, it will be seen that Oliver Wendell Holmes had more to do with destroying



COL. HENRY WATTERSON

Mrs. Peattie lives in an old remodelled house in the southern part of Chicago, which was the home of her girlhood. It is beautifully situated almost on the lake in a grove of oak trees.

“Claudius Clear,” Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, writing of what he calls “Medi-

the sense of sin in the present generation than many novelists whom he would have condemned as utterly immoral.

■

This is certainly a new point of view and would surprise no one more than the genial “Autocrat” should he hear of it.

Queen Victoria's letters, those heretofore unpublished, are to be gathered together and issued in book form by Mr. John Murray. Lord Esher and Mr. A. C. Benson are to edit the letters, which end with 1861. This means either that her Majesty's later correspondence is not to be published at all or that more volumes will follow.

society, he is equally uncompromising. His attack on "Certain Tendencies of the Smart Set of Fashionable Society," republished in this volume, will be remembered.



Let every one who has never heard Mme. Adelina Patti sing, hear her during her last "farewell" tour in the United



MME. PATTI AND HER HUSBAND, BARON ROLF CEDERSTRÖM, AT CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, YSTRADGYNLAIS, SOUTH WALES

To call Col. Henry Watterson's new book "The Compromises of Life" seems like a misnomer. It does not suit the man nor his writings. Colonel Watterson is not a compromiser, he is a fighter. With sword or pen he is always ready for the fray. Let him write of his political enemies or of

States. Let those who heard her in her prime forego the pleasure. Mme. Patti is still a great artist, and when I heard her in Albert Hall summer before last I was astonished that she sang so well: of course it was not the Patti of—but perhaps for both of our sakes I had better not say how many—years

ago. Still those who have not heard her should avail themselves of this opportunity. They will not hear the old Patti, but they will hear the old repertoire,—and so much the better, for it

Own Way," has been for many years a popular actress, but her popularity has been largely owing to her remarkable beauty. This beauty, she has been free to acknowledge, was a handicap.



MR. CLYDE FITCH IN HIS STUDY  
(From a pastel by Everett Shinn)

is as much a part of history as the singer herself.



Speaking of the stage, Mr. Clyde Fitch has again made a successful star as well as a successful play. Miss Maxine Elliott, for whom he wrote "Her

It was harder to live down than want of talent. No matter what she might do, no matter how much pains she might take with a part, the critics invariably spoke of her beauty rather than of her acting. Now that she has "Her Own Way" she has succeeded in spite of her beauty.



Mr. Rudyard Kipling is one of the few authors whose books appear simultaneously in two editions with the imprint of different publishing houses. The regular trade editions bear the imprint of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., while the subscription, or Outward Bound, edition bears the imprint of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. The "Just So Stories" and "The Five Nations" have just been added to the latter edition, to which the new volumes will continue to be added as fast as they are published.

A new publication for boys and girls called the *Holiday Magazine* has just appeared. The name of the editor is not given, but I have a shrewd suspicion that Miss Katherine N. Birdsall has something to do with the editorial work. The magazine is supposed to fill the gap that comes in the lives of children before they reach the *St. Nicholas* age. It has an interesting list of contributors, and the stories, I should think, are such as the youngsters will enjoy, as they are mostly stories of adventure and invention. I notice the frontispiece of number three is Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton dressed as a North American Indian. Mr. Seton

would look more like an Indian and less like himself if it were not for the large moustache that decorates his face; an Indian with a moustache of this size is something that was never seen on land or sea. The *Holiday Magazine* is well printed, the articles well selected. It deserves to succeed.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cherry Waltz, who died a few weeks ago, was by way of making a real success in literature. Her "Pa Gladden" stories have been among the most read and most enjoyed of any of the *Century Magazine's* serials. Mrs. Waltz had a keen sense of humor, and she knew how to tell a story. The "Pa Gladden" stories were written by the light of the midnight oil. There was no harder-working journalist in this country than Mrs. Waltz. She was the literary editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, and did her work with unusual conscientiousness. She died just before her book was published. She saw it through the press, but I doubt if she ever saw a bound copy. She had other books under way, one of them finished, I believe, but whether anything else ever appears over her name or not, "Pa Gladden" will keep her memory green.



MR. CLYDE FITCH READING HIS PLAY TO MISS ELLIOTT



## A Dream of Ultimate Realism

DEAR LOUNGER:

I found myself one day within a mart  
Where one might see the wares of every art  
In orderly display, in stall and booth;  
Where one might buy fair lies,—or fairer truth!  
. . . Great Mercury! that day, in every craft,  
Where'er one turned, the market had gone daft;  
For everywhere, the merest artisan  
Had claimed the *metier* of some better man;  
And, unrebuked, withal, announced his plan,  
Which was: With Will, and Force to wreak that Will,  
In any art, one may dispense with skill;  
One needs but act upon the moment's bidding,  
Himself of all obsequious study ridding!

. . . . .  
"I bring," said one who came from heaving coal,  
"The *Evolution of Great Labor's Soul*,  
Expressed on canvas,—product of an hour  
When came upon me Inspiration's Power!  
Here may you see, in lines of Truth displayed,  
My life and story, painted without aid,  
Or practice in the artist's puny trade."

. . . . .  
Came next a little tailor—spruce and smart:  
"I boast no long apprenticeship to art;  
Yet instincts of the plastic I possess;  
And I the human form, at height, express—  
I bring a statue—nothing more or less!"

. . . . .  
"Give way to me!" a son of Vulcan cried;  
"Mine is a gift 't were sinful waste to hide;

For, listening to the Anvil's sounding stroke,  
Symphonic echoes in my soul awoke!  
And here have I a mighty Music score  
That never in this world was heard before!"

The astonished patrons of the mart (small blame!)  
These pseudo-artists met with cries of "Shame!  
Away with them! thus with impostors ever,  
Who crave Art's meed, without her brave endeavor!"  
And yet (for I am bound plain truth to tell),  
This same indignant, shrewd, wise Public fell  
The victims of another merchandise  
Which all did buy, and laud unto the skies!  
The Sketch—the Tale—the Play—the Book, they bought,  
Whatever 'prentice hand the work had wrought!

The Man with No Feet (clever beggar-man!)  
Forsook the curb, and straight his Life began;  
And "How to Do a Trusting Public," ran  
Into a third edition in a week!  
A lazy shop-girl (not devoid of "cheek")  
"Waltzed round" with copy, one half-holiday,—  
And found a publisher across the way;  
The office-boy but some few moons ago,  
On one of Gotham's dailies, now might yawn  
Above the book-reviewer's task, not loth  
To cut up Andrew Lang—Sainte-Beuve—or both!

For "writing 's but a trick"—the trick is caught;  
Vocation, taste, experience, go for naught!  
And though the painter's and musician's art  
May still be held as things somewhat apart,  
Not so the author's—but let break his heart—  
Since Realism dictates in the mart!

TIMON OF GOTHAM.



# How Literary Men may Become Millionaires

By MICHAEL WHITE

THE complaint is frequently heard from men of literary eminence that, in comparison with other callings, theirs is an ill-requited profession. By way of illustration they point to the fortunes amassed by successful lawyers, physicians, and engineers; while as to the piles of bonds, stocks, etc., accumulated by the magnates of finance, the best that even a popular novelist may do in that way is, comparatively speaking, a pitiful exhibition. On the other side, there is a vague impression prevailing, that the literary man still places to the credit side of his life's-work account, a sentimental equivalent derived from the satisfaction he feels in believing that he has handed his name down to posterity; but unless the pages of the literary periodicals are delusive, he is to-day quite as ambitious to live in a Fifth Avenue mansion and own a steam yacht as the successful operator in Wall Street or the proprietor of a famous brand of pickles. Such being the case, and granted that he works as hard as those more successful from a financial point of view, one may examine the question why literary men of the first rank do not become millionaires?

To arrive at a satisfactory answer, perhaps the best way is to regard the position of the *littérateur* with the eyes of one of those men who with such rapidity in other professions come to own Fifth Avenue mansions, galleries of old masters, and steam yachts. To such the wonder probably would be, considering the old-fashioned methods followed by the *littérateur* in conducting his business, not that he fails to become a millionaire, but that he avoids the poorhouse. Consider for a moment the position of an oil magnate who did not know the exact value from day to day of his commodity, the market to which his oil should be shipped, and the likely sup-

ply of and demand for oil during the next six months. He would very shortly be an oil magnate no longer. Yet that is exactly the position of the producer of literature. His business is conducted absolutely without up-to-date system. For his benefit there is no palatial exchange, with hat-smashing brokers on the floor, tickers running off prices, and reports with current quotations published in the daily press.

For example, let us suppose the following to be clipped from the New York *Constellation* of April 1, 1905, and deduce from it what would be the literary producer's altered position:

"This morning the literary market opened with a firm undertone, and an early inquiry for Sweet and Wholesome Love Stories, Burglar Flavoured. With Millicent Killjoy's, Vitriol Penny-feather's, and Thomas Brown Popham's (or Marie Corelli's, Richard Harding Davis's, and Rudyard Kipling's) in the lead, prices in this department advanced to 2½ cts. per word bid. A further gain in the first-mentioned stock resulted from a report that the output of the producer would be curtailed for the next six months owing to an attack of nervous prostration. Upon a contradiction of this, however, the price slipped back to 2 cts. bid, and remained steady at that figure until the close of the market.

"At 11.30 A.M. a sudden dump on the market of several editors' waste-paper baskets full of Poetry No. 1 caused a temporary panic, and all verse lines suffered. With Poetry No. 1 in the lead, Sentimentals, Fillers A and B, and Jingles all suffered declines ranging from \$5.00 to \$25.00 per gross bundle of rhymes. Support, however, was shortly forthcoming through the comic weeklies entering the market as story buyers of Hayseed and Darkey specialties, and a rebound was further stimulated by the report that two magazines



were shortly to be started devoted exclusively to poetry. This latter we are inclined to regard as a canard used by irresponsible bull operators for market purposes. Nevertheless it had an exhilarating effect, and with Comic Jingles leading, all lines, except Poetry No. 1, skyrocketed. As a consequence the market was swept bare of such offerings six months ahead.

"After the noon recess attention was directed toward Grown-up Juveniles, and prices ruled firm. The attempt to instill life into Dialect Fish Stories, as we predicted last week, was futile; and two well-known firms long on such were reported to be going into the hands of receivers. Later the news that a heavy bear interest had been uncovered in Birdlime Skylark's Flying Machine Human Interests, and that one firm had contracted for that producer's output for the next five years, sent the shorts in a wild scramble to cover. The result was to raise Flying Machine Human Interests to figures which we warn our readers are not warranted by the intrinsic values of these stocks. Until such time as the farmer is able to go to market in his aëroplane, and certain situations now purely conjectural have been tested in the clouds by actual experience, we do not think a wide popular favor will be extended to Flying Machine Human Interests. Toward the closing hour the report that a syndicate headed by Harpcent, Scribble & Co. had bought up the 'junk' piles of several hitherto unknown producers, caused a general speculative interest in 'outsiders.'

"In the 'special article' corner there was the usual strong demand for Timelies, and, in the newspaper section, Insides, personal and political, were more sought for than offered. Fancy prices ruled for same, highly flavored, on the 'Yellow' stalls.

"The general market closed strong with an upward tendency in S. & W. Love Stories, and with top prices ruling for Comic Jingles. We append a list of the opening and closing quotations of the principal stocks."

At a glance it will be seen what pos-

sibilities this situation opens up for the literary producer. Instead of a commonplace routine, life under such circumstances would be full of the excitement of modern business operations. With an appreciation of the term "community of interest," might also come a practical application of the one "cornering the market." As to his daily life, his mind during breakfast would be centred on the market report, just like that of any other business man upon his particular news department of money-making. So taking the foregoing clipping from the *Constellation* as indicating an average day's business on the Literary Exchange, he would ring up his broker to unload that bundle of Jingles at top prices, and hold on a little to his S. & W. Love Stories. Then he would sit down and turn out, not a Flying Machine Human Interest as warned against by the *Constellation*, but something with a piratical flavor as the natural development of public taste after burglar sauce.

So much for the clearer understanding of his position, but more than this he might be "discovered" in a truly speculative, up-to-date manner. He might be capitalized, say, for \$1,000,000 in \$1.00 shares, 10 c. paid up. No matter if he did not possess the price of a share in himself, the moral satisfaction of being valued, even on paper, at \$1,000,000 would be most gratifying, most encouraging. In this way, too, the public might be induced to take a real interest in the Literary Producer. They could purchase bonds or stock in him, and would watch his name as it appeared on the tape with far more interest than they do on the covers of his books. As a speculation pure and simple it would probably be quite as exciting as a flutter in mining stock. Once properly boomed in this way he would soon find a cross-cut to Fifth Avenue, he would engage the bridal suite on the express liner for his periodical trip to Europe instead of the top bunk on a ten-knot cattle tramp, and his wife and daughters would come into that inheritance of diamonds which is the birthright of every American woman.



# Some Religious Helps to a Literary Style

By W. D. ELLWANGER

ANY one in chase of a writer's rainbow, who seeks to find the pot of gold at its end, and would fain secure for himself that uncertain and indefinite prize known as a literary style, may perhaps discover herein some guideposts to point him toward his way. If there is no royal road to learning, neither is there any short-cut; but it may be that the garb of thought and form and fashion of expression which characterize certain religious books may prove the longest way round and yet the shortest way home to the acquiring for our present uses of a purer, simpler, and more dignified language.

A child cannot run until it has learned to walk; no more can a man write until he has read. What then is the "reading, which maketh a full man," so that out of his very fulness of reading he shall express his ideas in a clear and limpid stream of thought? Surely this is not to be had from the current literature of the day.

This question has been asked concerning the present flood of books: "Is it not better that a hundred unnecessary volumes should be published, rather than that one that is good and useful should be lost?" Scriptural authority, if nothing else, would compel us to answer this in the affirmative, unless we stop to consider that the ninety-and-nine of the worthless books not only choke the single worthy one, but also tend to crowd out of life and usefulness the best books of the past.

The visible result of our over-production of books is that, because we are hopelessly unable to read everything, we read nothing. And we read nothing, absolutely, literally, so far as mental discipline is concerned, because the best of our average reading is in the better class of the magazines, and the worst of it—alas! for our habits,—is in the newspapers. And this custom of our reading is not because of any lack of books among us, nor good books, moreover; for, as has been truly

said, "Books are rarely destroyed. They go to the attic or the second-hand dealer, but for the most part they are preserved and accumulate rapidly." It has been estimated by good authority, that there are now in the United States 700,000,000 volumes, or about nine books *per capita*. In Europe the accumulation has been going on for centuries, and the total number of books for the whole world is figured at 3,200,000,000, or two books each for every inhabitant, old or young, wise or illiterate, heathen or Hottentot. And most of these are old books, and of them it is a faithful saying that "like proverbs, they receive their chief value from the stamp and esteem of ages, through which they have passed."

No "Doctor of Literature" could make a better prescription for the modern reader, suffering from periodical and current newspaper indigestion and dyspepsia, than to advise a course of tonical old books. This might begin with Montaigne and his quaint and pungent philosophy. It should include many of the good old formulas contained in that storehouse of learning, "Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy." Passages from Young's "Night Thoughts" might be soothing, and bits of Rochefoucauld leave a gentle, pleasant bitter taste upon the tongue.

But of course the pharmacopœia is inexhaustible: let us consider a little more at length what benefits may come from the religious writers.

The "Imitation of Christ" by Thomas à Kempis is the most popular religious work in Christendom; and fifty years ago it was a fact that, of all popular books, popular in the best sense, and widely spread in the fullest, it stood first. Dr. Johnson said of it that it had gone through more editions than there had been months since its publication, and the first edition was printed in 1472. "The priceless sentences of Thomas à Kempis," as Charles Kingsley called them, have

been read in a Babel of sixty different languages, so often have they been translated. That its authorship is still in doubt, and as to whether Gerson, Gerson, or à Kempis wrote it matters no more than the spelling of Shakespeare's name. "Thousands upon thousands have forgotten their sorrows and dried their tears over its earnest pages," and hundreds of thousands have found in it rest for the soul and "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." George Eliot said of its contents that "they are inspired utterances, speaking to every soul and to every age."

But regardless altogether of the religious comfort which this book has given, and of its wonderful influence and power for good among Protestants and Roman Catholics alike, it is surely not read to-day as it was fifty years ago, and our literature is by so much the worse. In the current English translation of it the diction is musical, sonorous, terse, dignified, and expressive in every way, and no writing outside of the Bible is more beautifully pleading, plausible, and persuasive to sanctity.

There is another religious work much more important than the "Imitation of Christ," which is, if not religiously neglected, at least regrettably ignored by the literary student. This is "The Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America." Of course this is essentially the same as the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England, but to those who are familiar with the American form many of its beauties are enhanced by virtue of our very familiarity with them and by the softening of some early crudities in the English version. In Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" some twenty-five or more passages from the Prayer Book are thought well-known enough to be included, as against *three* from Thomas à Kempis. The more honor to the Prayer Book!

Of course the Episcopal forms for the Marriage Service and for the Burial of the Dead stand as accepted models of what may be best said on those oc-

casions, and many phrases from them, as, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes," etc., or "To have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse," etc., by their very strength of wording have become the common property of the English language.

The catechism, too, has many a sentence most beautifully rounded, such as: "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace."

But more particularly the Prayer Book is valuable to us because in its Psalter we find ready to our reading the most beautiful version of the Psalms. It is a conceded fact that the Psalms as they appear in King James' Bible are the more accurately translated and true to the original. But, as given in the Psalter they are certainly more musical and rhythmical. They fairly read themselves, so easy is their flow, and so well balanced their refrain. There is good reason for this in that the Prayer Book's version was taken from Cranmer's Bible, which preceded the King James Bible; and the Psalter was musical because it was so intended,—intended to be sung and to take the place of the Latin chants. If any one be curious to compare the two renditions of the psalms, let him read, probably the most familiar, the twenty-third, "The Lord is my shepherd," in the Prayer Book and the Bible, and say which pleases his sense of metre and rhythm the better. Other psalms, not quite so well remembered, will show the metrical difference even more markedly.

The collects of the Prayer Book are perhaps its most important literary feature. They are the perfect poetry of prayer. They may be called, almost, a humble supplication to the Deity in sonnet form. Though not limited in their number of lines, their mould is as fixed as that of a sonnet. They begin with an address to the Trinity or one of the Trinity, the supplication follows, and the conclusion, however addressed, is the invariable plea of Christ's intercession; and all this, however worded, is in one sentence.

Most of the collects are translations from the old Latin missals, but instead

of losing in transition, the Anglicised forms have gained in grace and power of expression, and have all the sweetness of a benediction.

Like a string of beads blessed by the Pope, or indeed like a necklace of glorious pearls, have been strung around the Sundays, Saints' Days, and Holy Days of the Church a series of appropriate collects which are of inestimable literary value. If it may be permitted to quote but one of them as an example, it shall be that for the First Sunday in Advent, which was composed in 1549:

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness, and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which thy son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility; that in the last day, when he shall come again in his glorious Majesty to judge both the quick and the dead, we may rise to the life immortal, through him who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, now and ever, Amen.

The collect for Ash Wednesday, with its familiar sentences of "new and contrite hearts," and "worthily lamenting our sins," is beautifully composed. It is of the time of the Reformation.

One more collect must be quoted in full, not only for its intrinsic merit and euphony, but because it serves well to introduce a most important subject. It is the collect for the Second Sunday in Advent, and was also written in 1549.

Blessed Lord, who hath caused all holy Scriptures to be written for our learning: Grant that we may in such wise hear them, read, mark, learn and inwardly digest them, that by patience, and comfort of thy holy Word, we may embrace, and ever hold fast the blessed hope of everlasting life, which thou hast given us in our Saviour Jesus Christ.

It is to the Bible, then, to the Book of Books, that, we argue, we shall do well to come back: and we shall gain from the reading of it, if nothing else, a rich vocabulary, a terseness and strength of idiom, a graceful and poetic imagery and expression, and, withal, a simple and homely style of writing which will best tell any story or plead any cause. By its aid we may rise to the highest flights of eloquence or point to the sharpest our bluntest words.

Within a short time, there have appeared in the secular press many articles, and editorials, lamenting the neglect of Bible reading which has characterized the last three or four decades, and the unvarying opinion has been expressed that the English language of to-day is by so much the weaker and poorer. These articles all bespeak for the Bible renewed interest and re-reading, and, it is to be hoped, may help to awaken an interest in the subject.

This explanation may be offered in excuse for our lethargy. It would seem that many people now do not read the Bible naturally and familiarly as they used to do, for a hundred reasons of course, but for one in particular. They are afraid of it. If they believe in it, with the simple religious faith of old times, they are afraid of meeting in it strange passages which our modern religion has not yet taught them to fully understand, and concerning which they do not wish to be questioned lest they should not be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them. And those who *think* they do not believe in the Bible fear it and shun it lest they should be perverted or converted from their *imaginary* beliefs, or the lack of them. Yet surely a book so widely circulated and so universally owned deserves at least an occasional use. If it were only read in idle moments, as one picks up an old newspaper or magazine, the literary gain would be incalculable and the world roll round the better. "Don't be afraid of reading the Bible" is a text on which ten thousand editorials and sermons might be written.

One reason of the failure to appreciate the Bible as simply a book has been well put by Dr. Moulton. He says:

The Bible has come down to us as the worst-printed book in the world. Not only modern literature, but even such as the literature of ancient Greece, if given out in modern times, will be printed in a manner which conveys the literary structure directly to the eye. If the work be a drama, the speeches are separated and the names of speakers inserted; if it be a poem, verse and line divisions will be made obvious; in essays or

histories there will be at least titles and proper divisions into sections. But, though the Bible is proclaimed to be one of the world's great literatures, if we open our ordinary versions we find that the literary form is that of a scrap-book: a succession of numbered sentences, with divisions into longer or shorter chapters, under which all trace of dramatic, lyric, story, essay, is hopelessly lost.

It may be small wonder, then, that the casual reader misses much in his perusal of the Bible, or that he loses himself in its involved passages. But even in its current form, defective as it may be, it is perfectly safe for the most sceptical and ignorant of us to wander through its pages, and without regard to chapter, verse, or book, enjoy its everlasting beauties as we go.

Did not Macaulay record of Burke that before he delivered any of his masterly speeches he always read a chapter from Isaiah? If you will read Isaiah again, you will know why; and if you will read and re-read the sixty-six chapters through and through and learn to know them, you will have a command of language and the "open sesame" to a treasure-house of phrase and expression which you may plunder at your pleasure.

Macaulay certainly knew Isaiah, as his glorious poem of "Naseby" shows:

Oh! wherefore come ye forth in triumph from the North,  
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment  
all red?  
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous  
shout?  
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press that  
ye tread?

Oh! evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,  
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we  
trod:  
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and  
the strong,  
Who sate in the high places and slew the saints of  
God.

Compare this with the poem contained in the first six verses of the sixty-third chapter of Isaiah.

1. Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? This that is glorious

in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?—I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

2. Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?

3. I have trodden the wine press alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment.

4. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come.

5. And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me.

6. And I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth.

Certainly "Naseby" owes something of its spirit, its ring, and its very language to the old Hebrew poet.

What Hebrew poetry is may not be known to everybody. Our poetry is metrical only, as in blank verse, or metrical and rhythmical also, as in the usual poem, with the ends of the lines rhyming together in certain sequence. Poetry to the Hebrew mind, on the other hand, meant a rhyming of ideas and not of words, of thought and not of sound. A thought is first expressed in one form, and then the same, or a similar thought, is repeated in another form. As, for example: "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork."

But the Bible is also full of poetry as we consider it, rhyme, of course, being excepted. The last five verses of the twenty-fourth chapter of Proverbs, for instance, is, considered by itself, a beautiful sonnet on "Slothfulness," and, if not in the exact form of a sonnet, has at least all the spirit of one.

The very first Psalm, as given in the Bible, has six verses, but as it reads in the Psalter it has seven. There are two lines to each verse in the Psalter version, and we thus have a perfect fourteen-line sonnet. Moreover, there is a full pause and break in the thought after the eighth line. The next four lines are distinct and separate, and the last two lines form a perfect and strong conclusion of the subject; all this in



strict accordance with our rules for a sonnet to-day.

Lyrics and epics, of course, abound in the Bible, and Moulton calls "Solomon's Song" "the great honeymoon poem of universal literature."

In the Psalms may be found several chance examples of hexameters, as for instance:

"God came | up with a | shout : our Lord with the | sound of a trumpet."

"There is a | river the | flowing where | of shall | gladden the city."

"Halle | lujah the | city of | God ! Jehovah hath | blest her !"

These also appear in the New Testament:

"Art Thou he | that should | come or | do we | look for another ?"

"Husbands | love your | wives and | be not | bitter a | gainst them."

The Apocrypha is by no means to be neglected by the reader. Ecclesiasticus alone would call for a longer thesis than this to consider some of its literary treasures, for it is a series of beautiful essays which few know. The panegyric on Doctors, of itself (chapter 38), if the profession knew it, would be well worth engraving on tablets of gold.

Perhaps one thing more than another which the reading of the Bible would help to teach us is the power of the short word. The English language is a language of small words, and the Saxon of it gives it its strength and its brevity of speech. The early writers, the "pure wells of English undefiled" are full of small words. The Bible naturally uses the same vigorous style. An example may be cited from what is considered one of the most magnificent

passages in Holy Writ, that, namely, which describes the death of Sisera:

At her feet he bowed, he fell : at her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down ; where he bowed, there he fell down dead, etc.

Again there is the passage in Ezekiel, which Coleridge is said to have considered the most sublime in all the Scriptures, beginning:

And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live ? and I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest, etc.

We may note also the grand passage which begins the Gospel of St. John, "In the beginning was the Word," etc., and including the terse sentence, "There was a man sent from God whose name was John." In the first fourteen verses of this chapter there are twenty-eight polysyllables and two hundred and one monosyllables.

Briefly, therefore, it may be said that the short word is characteristic of the Bible, and proof of its strong, terse, good English.

In conclusion, this advice may be offered: Read a verse or a chapter, as you will, from the Bible, every night before you go to bed; as was the pious practice, well observed, of your forefathers. Choose Isaiah, choose the Psalms, or Proverbs, or Ecclesiastes; or choose by the old-fashioned simple hazard of thumb, if you please. But, read a little in the Bible! It cannot hurt you. You may sleep the sweeter for it, and gain a purer diction; and, Heaven help you! if you do not gain thereby a blessing and a benediction, too!





# Guy de Maupassant

By ARTHUR SYMONS

MAUPASSANT in his work gives us the will to live, and with him it is the will of the body to be always happy; always conscious of happiness, not too conscious of itself; the body's desire of light, heat, comfort, the pleasure of all the senses, and sound sleep without dreams. His work is the confession of the average sensual man, in whom an extravagance of health turns to fever; that there is something in the world, or not in it, which sets a term to enjoyment even while one has both will and strength to enjoy. Here is one of the most intimate of his confessions:

How gladly, at times, I would think no more, feel no more, live the life of a brute, in a warm, bright country, in a yellow country, without crude and brutal verdure, in one of those Eastern countries in which one falls asleep without sadness, awakens without concern, is active and has no cares, loves and has no distress, and is scarcely aware that one is going on living!

It is in "On the Water" ("Sur l'Eau") that he says this, the book in which he has "thought simply," and written down his thoughts as they came to him. It is love of life which drives him to this fear even of living, this desire of a vegetable warmth and growth, which seems to promise continuance. Goncourt notes in his "Journal," in 1889, how Mirabeau "speaks curiously of the fear of death which haunts Maupassant, and which is the cause of his life of perpetual wandering over land and sea, in the effort to escape from that fixed idea." In "On the Water" he speaks, in terrified words, of this fear of death, this fear of an invisible monster, hidden in some corner, spying on men's lives, and breathing a slow pestilence upon them. The soul hardly comes at all into this hatred of the earth on which men suffer so much before dying; it is the body which cries out against age, wrinkles, and the sure tardiness of decay. It is the body which will not be satisfied with what it can gather to

itself under the sun, nor with any of the fruits of the earth into which it is to relapse, in the end.

Maupassant loved and hated life, and he hated it because he loved it. Tolstoy has pointed out how he becomes unconsciously a moralist by the mere force and clear-sightedness of his talent, his fidelity to what he has seen and to what he has felt. Caring for nothing in the world so much as for women, setting the monotonous and various drama of sex in motion through all his stories, he comes in the end to find all this amusing and absorbing comedy turning tragic. "He would have exalted love, but the more he knew it the more he cursed it." He cannot endure solitude, and he finds only a more ignoble solitude where it has been his pleasure to seek distraction. "I was at home, and alone, and I felt that if I remained there I should fall into a horrible fit of melancholy, the sort of melancholy that must drive men to suicide if it returns too often." That is how he presents to us the state of mind of the man who is going out to "a night of pleasure"; and, at the end of that typical story, "The Closet" ("L'Armoire"), we see the man, overcome by horror and pity, hurrying home in the middle of the night, that he may escape from a more poignant sense of the wretchedness of things.

Maupassant saw life with his senses, and he reflected on it in a purely animal revolt, the recoil of the hurt animal. His observation is not, as it has been hastily assumed to be, cold; it is as superficially emotional as that of the average sensual man, and his cynicism is only another, not less superficial, kind of feeling. He saw life in all its details, and his soul was entangled in the details. He saw it without order, without recompense, without pity; he saw too clearly to be duped by appearances, and too narrowly to distinguish any light beyond what seemed to him the enclosing bounds of darkness. And

so he settled down, with a kind of violent indifference, which was almost despair, to live his life and to accomplish his task. Goncourt reports a conversation in which C  ard "declares that, in him, literature was a matter wholly of instinct, not of reflection; and affirms that, of all the men whom he has known, he was the most absolutely indifferent to everything, and that, at the very moment when he seemed most keenly set on a thing, he was already aloof from it." In ten years he wrote thirty volumes; he wrote well or ill, but he wrote always, not for love of art nor for love of money, but out of the need of his organism to spend its force after its kind, after all kinds.

In that famous chapter on the novel, which Maupassant put as a preface to "Peter and John" ("Pierre et Jean"), he summarizes for us those counsels of Flaubert under which he worked for seven years, before the publication of "Tallow-Ball" ("Boule de Suif"), in "The Soir  es of M  dan" ("Les Soir  es de M  dan") of 1880, presented him to the public as a finished artist.

"Talent is a long patience." The thing is, to look at what one wishes to express long enough and carefully enough to discover in it an aspect which no one has ever seen or said. In everything there is something undiscovered, because we are only accustomed to use our eyes with the recollection of what people have thought before us about the thing at which we are looking. There is an unknown quantity in the smallest thing. Find it.

This unknown quantity in familiar things Maupassant knew how to find. He sought for it chiefly in that part of human nature which interested him most and which was most familiar to him. Being professedly not a psychologist, being content to leave the soul out of the question, he found that the animal passions were at the root of our nature, that they gave rise to the most vivid and interesting kinds of action, and he persisted in rendering mainly the animal side of life. Probably no writer has ever done so more convincingly, with a more thorough knowledge of his subject, and a more perfect mastery of his knowledge. At his best he

gives us, as in "A Life" ("Une Vie"), *l'humble v  rit  *, or in "Little Roque" ("La Petite Roque"), the horrible truth, or, in "The Horla" ("La Horla"), of 1887, the truth which destroys. It was the fear of death that wrung imagination out of him—"the Horla," the invisible spectre of the mind. *The Horla* is the soul of the materialist, vindicating itself against the self-confidence of the body.

Everything which Maupassant wrote is interesting; it is more exclusively and merely interesting than the work of any writer of fiction who has been called great; it is too exclusively and merely interesting to be really great work. Really great work, in fiction as in every other form of art, requires too close and too constant an attention to be quite easy reading. When we read Balzac we seem to have been plunged suddenly into the midst of so great a turbulence of life that the effort to absorb this new, irresistible, hurrying, and mysterious world makes us pause; we try to withdraw into ourselves, as one might step aside into a doorway out of a great crowd, in the streets of a city. We look up from the page, we half close the book, that we may think a little, that we may rest from this fatiguing demand on all our faculties. When we read Flaubert, we are delightfully delayed by the completeness and the beauty of every detail; we linger over this prose as we linger over verse. When we read M  rim  e, even, in those stories which may be so well compared with Maupassant's for their economy and precision of effect, we are conscious of some hard, intellectual quality which takes hold of us, not only through the mere events of the story. But we read Maupassant for nothing but the story; we read him hurriedly, without lifting our eyes from the page; we are only anxious to get to the end, to see what happens. One should never read stories merely for the story. However absorbing may be the interest of plot, of the working out of a given situation, the plot and the situation should never be taken as more than the means to an end. In great art they

are never more than the means to an end, to the interpretation, the new creation, of life; and no great artist allows himself to become so amusing, in his treatment of what is not essential, as to withdraw the attention of the reader from what is essential. That is why no great writer has ever been immediately popular. The books that pass away are the books that have too easily, too feverishly, interested a generation.

Maupassant is the best of the popular novelists, of the novelists who have not had to wait for admiration. His appeal is genuine, and his skill, of its kind, incontestable. He attracts, as certain men do, by a warm and blunt plausibility. He is so frank, and seems so broad; and is so skilful, and seems so living. All the exterior heat of life is in his work; and this exterior heat gives a more immediate illusion of what we call real life than the profound inner vitality of, let us say, Hawthorne. He comes to us, saying impressively: "Certain meetings, certain inexplicable combinations of things, contain undoubtedly, however insignificant they may seem to be, a larger quantity of the secret quintessence of life than that

dispersed in the ordinary course of events." He promises us this secret quintessence of life; and he tells us anecdote after anecdote, full of moving facts, and the obvious emotion of every fact. He is eager and unabashed, and he assures us that this is life, and these amusing and horrible and ordinary things are the things that really happen.

He assures us: "Blind and intoxicated with foolish pride must he be who believes himself more than one animal a little better than the others." And the others? "I seem to see in them the horror of their souls, as one sees a monstrous foetus in spirits of wine, in a glass jar." And his scornful conclusion is: "Happy are they whom life satisfies, who can amuse themselves, and be content . . . Happy are they who have not discovered, with a vast disgust, that nothing changes, that nothing passes, and that all things are a weariness."

Is that a philosophy or is it an outcry? Is it not the unprofitable anger of the craftsman with his material? Is it not the helpless anger of the child with the toys which he has broken?



# Stevenson's Confession of Faith

By BENJAMIN DE CASSERES,

*"The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson," by John Kelman, Jr., might with appropriateness have been called "An Inland Voyage." We have had few books that have told us so much of the Puck-Hamlet of modern English literature.*

*It is a great biography. It is an excursion into the fastnesses of "R. L. S.'s" soul, and, though from this book we will not learn what the size of his collar (if he wore any) was, or whether he had three or four dents in his nose and their prenatal history, the reader will finish the book with a consciousness that Stevenson is still in the flesh, and has been sitting beside him.*

*Mr. Kelman has approached his subject sympathetically. He has grasped the attitude—or attitudes—of the author of "Will o' the Mill." His spiritual revolts and his mental affirmations, his vagaries, his genius, his scepticism, and his genial Satanism—the leer seraphic—are analyzed, and pronounced "good."*

*The keynote of Stevenson's faith, as Mr. Kelman has made it the keynote of the book, is found in Stevenson's little-read poem, "If This Were Faith." Mr. Kelman writes: "In the saddest and bravest song he ever wrote he turns from the bewilderment of a life which for the time had lost faith and almost lost hope to strenuous and courageous action as a last resort and citadel":*

## IF THIS WERE FAITH!

God! If this were enough,  
That I see things bare to the buff  
And up to the buttocks in mire.  
That I ask nor hope nor hire,  
Not in the husk,  
Nor dawn beyond the dusk,  
Nor life beyond death:  
God! If this were faith!

Having felt Thy wind in my face  
Spit sorrow and disgrace,  
Having seen Thy evil doom  
In Golgotha and Khartoum,  
And the brutes, the work of Thine hands,  
Fill with injustice lands  
And stain with blood the sea.  
If still in my veins the glee  
Of the black night and the sun  
And the lost battle run;  
If, an adept,  
The iniquitous lists I still accept  
With joy, and joy to endure and be withstood,  
And still to battle and perish for a dream of good:  
God! If that were enough!

If to feel in the ink of the slough  
And the sink of the mire  
Veins of glory and fire  
Run through and transpire and transpire,  
And a secret purpose of glory fill each part,

And the answering glory of battle fill my heart;  
To thrill with the joy of girded men,  
To go on forever and fail, and go on again,  
And be mauled to the earth and arise,  
And contend for the shade of a word and a thing  
not seen with the eyes,  
With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night  
That somehow the right is the right,  
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough:  
Lord! If that were enough!

WE strut across the earth and then go into it. *En passant* we wrangle and pray. Our wranglings are petty, and our prayers bear the stamp of cowardice. It is all of a piece with life, with the mewling existence begotten of the fears that make the days a procession of pallid, anæmic shapes. The bogey man is everywhere. In the street, in the market-place, in the pulpit, in the heavens, there is the Shape that forebodes and forbids. There are no men. What seem so are fragments. If you pieced together the noblest qualities of a million human beings the net result would not be a Stevenson or a Whitman. Most men are like the Farnese torso—mere stump—head and hands gone. Mankind has in all ages rever-



enced the brave man because he deifies the qualities that he lacks. Read all the litanies and prayer-books ever written; after you have finished you feel the stifling oppression that settles on one in the steam room in a Turkish bath. These prayers whine, dodge, are hang-dog, round-shouldered, and knee-worn. Our attitude toward the Supreme Being is essentially barbaric. There is no difference in spirit between the savage's petition to his god and a Thanksgiving Day proclamation. The official "Thank-you" begs the question, lacks directness, is the product of a skulking beggary.

Great souls never cringe. And in the measure that a man is brave in that measure is he great. In so far as he puts off alien supports and substitutes a sense of interdependence for dependence is he strong. He will recognize his helplessness when standing out of relation to his fellow-men, but not for that will he sell himself. So much for the world; the rest I keep. And you shall not have the kernel of myself that I keep for myself, though you should slay me. I will be brother and friend, but not slave. Of such stuff is the stentorian spirit. In the same manner that he fronts the frowning world will he front the Supreme Power. There shall be no fawning, no knee-quaking in His presence. The strong soul will not be a subaltern in life's battle, no mere aide-de-camp to the General. God shall be the Great Comorado.

Such was Stevenson's attitude toward life and God; and his great poem is his confession of faith. He will not palter with wrongs, nor blench at evil. Clear-eyed and strong-souled, he faces the Eternal and says: "I see things bare to the buff," and they are "up to the buttocks in mire." The fair things of the world are arranged like the fruit on a street vender's stand: the speck is carefully concealed; and if the speck is not there, there is a worm at the core. It is this vision of the world which Stevenson conjures up in those lines.

The world is fair and ever young. Pan is born anew every day. The waters run, the stars shine, the sun

gushes over the land like a divine benediction. But this is not all. These are the meretricious coverings of things. The soul of the thinker cannot be balked by appearances. It is licentious, and will burrow. If the heavens proclaim the glory of God, what shall we say of the cancer hospitals? And the Sin, and Want, and Care that, gaunt and frowsy, stalk through our great cities—vices not willed into being by a race dwelling in a sinless state, but vices that silently grow into being—the product of human relations, the outgrowth of legitimate wants, good instincts turned awry in the collisions of personality, sins woven of universal greed, craft begotten of inhering weaknesses.

It is thus things are in the mire. Mankind is a stunted aspiration. The palace which the soul of youth is given as a birthright is turned into a marketplace, where his strength is peddled to the highest bidder; at thirty he already hears the measured, noiseless drip, drip, drip of the days that wear the echoing hollows in the granite purposes of twenty.

"I ask nor hope nor hire." Brave words! We are always asking God for something. Our souls are mendicant; we are that beggar who stands hat in hand imploring a Divine Providence to drop a penny into it. The strong soul, who believes it less culpable to steal than to beg, does not wish to be paid for what he has done. Pour into our souls the wine of truth, O God, and keep your crusts. Moisten our lips turned papyri with thirst. Keep your hours for lower intelligences. We care naught about "dawn beyond the dusk." We want the Light now, in the Eternal Present.

"Adepts" we are indeed. From all eternity we have been waging war. Each atom that composes our bodies is a centre of contending forces; each cell is an embryonic individual menacing the stability of a million other cells. And before they were welded into the agglomeration that is styled James or John they fought elsewhere. They struggled in the parturitions of the primordial nebulae and they partici-



pated in the sack of Rome. But it is trite to say that life is a battle. To call the lists "iniquitous" is not only not trite, but it is decidedly bold. This is almost a judgment on the constitution of things. But it does not whine. Stevenson accepts things with joy, "and joy to endure and be withstood, and still to battle and perish for a dream of good." "I was ever a fighter," says Browning defiantly in "Prospice," another brave man's prayer. To both these poets it is the fight that makes life worth the living. They prefer a place in the "iniquitous lists" of God, they will take their places on the firing line of human endeavor, rather than rust and rot in the *ennui* of a complacent optimism that stays at home and mumbles in drowsy meditation of that "far-off divine event"—to which the whole creation does not move.

In Stevenson's eye, all is not ill. The skies are not always overcast. In the murk of things he discerns veins of glory that cross and transpire. The secret grace in things peeps out at times. Men and women are beautiful in perspective. The pageant of souls across the earth attracts. Love's ordinances are imperative. The link that binds man to man is a golden thread that girdles the world. If pain fills the universe it is because of the discordancy between the internal and the external. And all discordancy breathes a promise. The world of willing is segmental. Action is but an arc in the circumference of the soul's possibilities. The life of the renunciant strikes the diapason below which the minor chords dwindle and subside. It is on these heights that we "thrill with the joy of girded men." The renunciant is panted 'gainst fate. Like Socrates and Epicurus, the soul triumphant will discourse of itself though death be creeping through its mortal members. The fustian of circumstance cannot balk its gaze. It will go on "forever, and fail, and go on again." Noble words! that project the soul toward the infinite

spaces where upswirling thought is dispersed in the glow of an exalted intuition.

Paradise lies beneath the shadow of a hair. Everything is decisive. Each thought is an Atlas that supports a world of thought. The fighter will contend for the shade of a word and a "thing not seen with the eyes." The things that are tangible are not always real. They are but groined phantasms. Behind the fact visible stands the spirit invisible, and this alone matters. This or that shall not hold the poet's attention. He looks beyond, and still beyond. He will swim nowhere but in the infinite, soundless sea of tendencies. He is not concerned with you, but with your relations. To his gaze you shall not stand in limits. You are the hub round which the multi-spoked universe revolves. You are playfellow to the stars, and the minutes are but hooded eternities.

What pathos in the closing lines of this greatest of all prayers:

With the half of a broken hope for a pillow at night  
That somehow the right is the right,  
And the smooth shall bloom from the rough.

Misgivings again assail him. Suppose right should not be the Right? Suppose our lights are boglights? Every vice was once a virtue. Shall every virtue become a vice? We cannot go backward, say some. What meaning has backward or forward in its relations to eternal duration? Life is evolving, but never evolves. We can never say, "Here we rest." All forward motion presupposes a goal; and who has with certainty named the goal of evolving life? In the circumvolutions of time how stand we who have battled for the right if "right" be but a euphemism—a gaudy word to cover a naked necessity? The sinuous ages wear a leer, and mock. Yet the spirit of man, indomitable and unafraid, believes the "smooth shall bloom from the rough!"

Lord! If that were enough!

## The New Huysmans

By KATHARINE L. FERRIS

THE world has long known—the French-speaking world better, perhaps, than the English-speaking one—that a new Huysmans was in course of construction. Certain of his books, as, for instance, "En Route" and "La Cathé-

so long as his present point of view endures.

The accepted moment for comparing Huysmans the profane with Huysmans the religious is therefore come, and it is by no means uninteresting to note

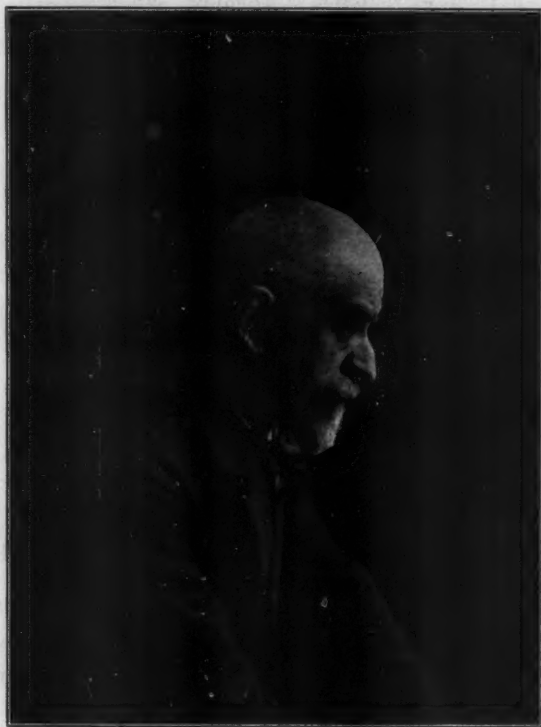


Photo for THE CRITIC by

M. Leclair

M. HUYSMANS AT LOURDES, APRIL, 1908  
(Never before published)

drale," heralded a change; but, although they were not undecided in tone, they were, as the fruits of transition must be, indecisive, and it remained to be seen what manner of man would finally result from the process of transformation evidently under way. With the publication of his new work, "L'Oblat," he stands revealed, and we see him as he must continue to be

the difference and the resemblance between the two.

Joris Karl Huysmans was born on the 5th of February, 1848, at Paris. He comes of a Dutch family, a family of painters, among whom figures Cornelius Huysmans, more famous than his relatives. On his mother's side, too, the artistic element is not lacking. His maternal grandfather was a sculptor

who won the Prix de Rome. Huysmans said to M. Meunier, who has given, perhaps, the only exact details ever published on his life, that this ancestor "manufactured a heap of clothing in relief on the base of the column Vendôme, helped with the decorations, *genre pompier*, on the Triumphal Arch of the Place du Carrousal, . . . even committed some of the surprising bas-reliefs of the Arc de Triomphe of the Champs Elysées," and he adds that the "Père Gérard was a vague and conscientious plasterer."

This lack of enthusiasm is not confined to the author's appreciation of his ancestors. The profane Huysmans saw all life through the same spectacles. If he is fathered by a line of Dutch painters of the old school, Paris—modern Paris—is his mother, and from this union issues an artist of the same school as his forbears who limns with the pen, as they with the brush, in the minute, detailed, almost painfully accurate fashion which the Dutchmen loved. His choice of subjects is—allowing for the difference between Paris and a community in Holland—the same as theirs. His still life is taken from the carrot and cabbage side of nature, his personages are small functionaries, workmen and women, carousers both male and female, dull married couples. He depicts this astonishingly trite and stupid world with the same beautiful style, the same clear lights and shadows, the same harmonies of tone which distinguish the foremost artists of Holland, but the shadows are more frequent, the colors grayer, the gleams of sunlight rarer. His tremendous psychological insight distills itself in the analysis of the little emotions and sentiments of little souls. The Dutch painters and their French descendant—he no more than they—are realists, but what worlds stretch between their realism and his! Those old knights of the brush looked about them and saw materialism rampant, frankly liked all that they saw, reproduced it as frankly. Their human beings are content, their cabages are almost joyous. Gallantry disports herself in embraces as gross

and uncouth as the ink kisses which children put at the end of their letters. Pleasure reels into the foreground of the canvas with a beer-mug in her hand, appetite is ecstasy. Ephraim is joined to his idols.

Not so with Huysmans. His choice of subjects, his style of painting are all he has in common with his forerunners. There the Dutch influence ends and that of the great city where he was born begins. No one who pays the slightest attention to the intellectual life of France (and for "France" read "Paris") can fail to see that it is strongly tinged with a dolorous pessimism. Huysmans's realism is profoundly sad; its expression rises at times, as in "A Vaul'Eau," into a sort of Epic of Discouragement. He has no idols, not even those at whose shrine he worships hopelessly and helplessly, because, as it would seem, he knows no others. The element which brought genre-painters in the Holland school has made a specialist of him. He detects the malady, he recognizes the symptoms, but he does not realize that the presence of illness in the world connotes the possibility of health. He sees remarkably true, but his sight is short and embraces no wide horizons—or rather it would be better to say that he is gifted with sight and not vision.

This is the profane Huysmans, the man who, at a time when his country was still stirred to its depths by the German war, could write "Sac au dos," "the odyssey," says M. Jean Lionnet, "happily brief, of an individual who lingered in hospital because he suffered from a pain in his stomach, . . . and who, once mustered out, went home to his mother's house without ever having concerned himself with aught but his food, his colics, and certain pleasures." Nor does "A Vaul'Eau" heighten one's admiration for the author. For, be it said once for all, M. Huysmans usually lurks, ill-disguised, behind the personality of his principal characters. His novels have an autobiographical odor from which one rarely escapes and which constitutes a grave literary fault.

This book has for theme the life of a

rather poor, rather ugly, rather ill old bachelor. A translation of it would, I should think, be unprofitable in the

tile observation displayed in it must become a positive drawback, for the book is a long list of various disgusto,

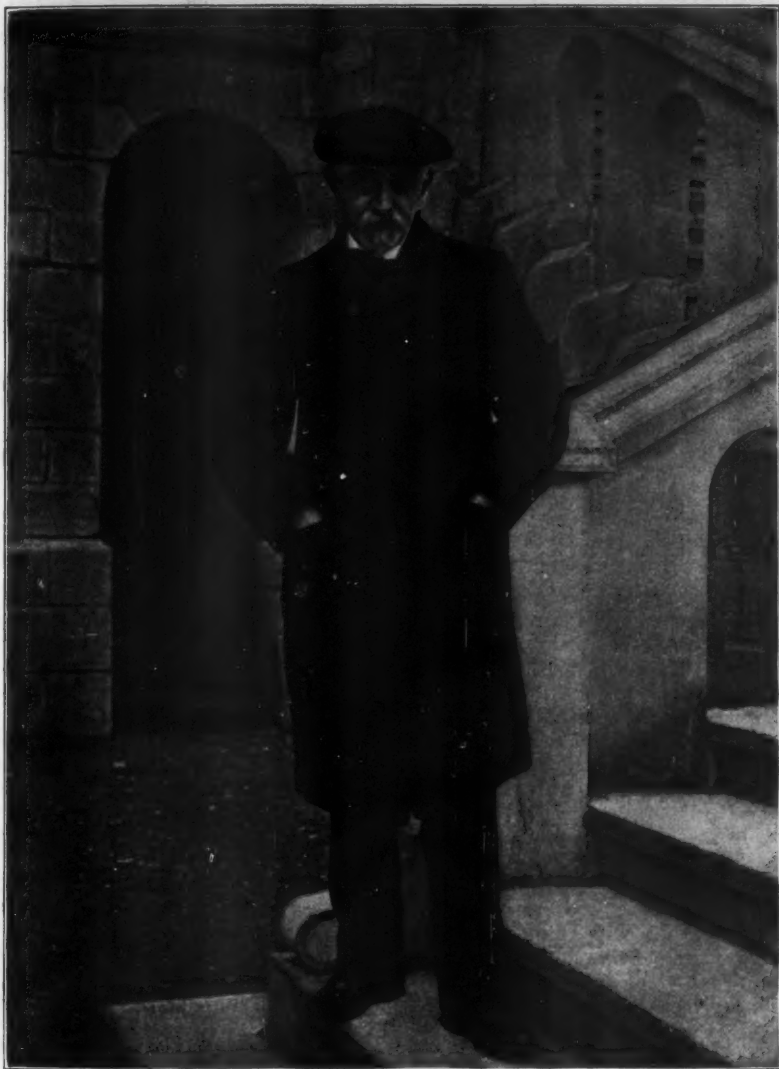


Photo for THE CRITIC by

M. HUYSMANS AT LÉGUÉ  
(Hitherto unpublished)

M. Leclair

extreme, as it would be impossible to conserve, in a foreign language, the powerful style which is its chief merit and without which the close and sub-

the disgusto inspired by restaurant living, by medicines, by women, by plays, by books, by celibacy, by marriage, by solitude, by company, by sin,



Photo for THE CRITIC by

M. HUYSMANS IN HIS STUDY  
(Hitherto unpublished)

M. Leclaire

by virtue, and so on interminably, not forgetting Paris itself, which, according to Folantin (the hero, save the mark!), is fast being transformed into a "Chicago sinistre." It terminates in a last echo of the *leit-motif* of sordid misery: "Allons, decidedly the best does not exist for poor people; only the worst happens."

Yet, in the midst of what we should call *rodomontade* if it were not for its splendid technique, one begins to catch a glimpse of the direction which this tormented mind will one day take. Folantin, thinking of a cousin who was a nun,

envied her calm, silent life, and he regretted the faith which he had lost. What an occupation is to be found in prayer, what a pastime in confession, what an outlet in the rites of cult! . . . The spleen has no purchase on pious souls. . . . Certainly, if one held the faith—yes, but I am no longer a believer. . . . And yet . . . only religion could dress this aching wound.

As one reads one cannot help thinking

that, even thus early, Huysmans was *en route*.

In the "Oblat" we find him arrived, for, spite of the inadequate masquerade dress wrapped about his identity in the personality of Durtal, no one can doubt that he is reading a chapter from the life of the writer himself. He is disturbed about the choice of a monastery near which to spend the time that every candidate must pass before he can be received into the oblature, or lay-brotherhood, of a monastic body, and we are strongly reminded of Folantin's anxieties with regard to his restaurants.

At Solesmes, no. . . . There is n't a habitable house to let. . . . Solesmes is a hole. . . . There are not even shady walks so that one can wander about on summer days. . . . And the slowness of the trains which run from there to Le Mans or Paris!

And when the matter is finally arranged, when he is at last settled near the monastery of Val des Saints close to Dijon, he is still agitated by what



M. Lionnet calls his "stomachic emotions." He talks of the "pitiful quality of the eatables," says that "Durtal had decided—not being able, indeed, to do otherwise—to offer to the Lord, in expiation of his ancient sins, the penitential misery of these dishes," and resigns himself to "swallowing down the stringy beef, mutton, and veal furnished to the cloister." Nor has his admiration for his own kind risen. The gentry of the vicinity are "masses of imbecility, summits of silliness; we are in the provinces, Madame Bavoil."

"And the peasants" (inquires Madame Bavoil), "are they equally ill-disposed toward the monastery?"

"They live off it, they receive benefits from it, consequently they hate it."

Yet life, in spite of these sombre spots, is brighter for the oblate than it ever was for Folantin. The man whom, in "Sac au dos," we have seen utterly without patriotism, has found a country within conventual confines to which he can give his whole allegiance. Between his near-sighted realism and his faithless pessimism, he had turned this land into such a bogland that he had no resource but to flee from it like a child afraid of the dark. The Church has thrown open to him another world and given him back, or, rather, endued him for the first time with a measure of hopefulness. Folantin was incapable of friendship; Durtal makes a few, a very few, friends and is sincerely attached to them. His egotism, still very much alive, is modified, becomes communal, embracing the interests of a section of humanity. "Ah, my dear Lord," he prays, "give us grace . . . to live, no matter where so that it be far from ourselves and near to Thee."

So much for the man. It now remains to ask what manner of artist has survived conversion. Huysmans the profane was a man of great, but not of the greatest, literary power. He was not amongst the giants. Thackeray and Victor Hugo were creators, Hals, Michaelangelo, and Da Vinci were at least re-creators (since painting is an imitative art). But Huysmans is only

a very faithful and sincere transcriber with a rare style and a peculiar sense of humor. He, no less than Zola, saw life *à travers un tempérament*. From the height of his intellect—and the altitude is considerable—he looked at the world and found it evil, took his notes with a hair-line pen and gave his observations with a *gaminerie* not to be denied. His language is very picturesque, familiar, slangy, startling, full of color and words of his own coining. That his style supports some of these forms of expression is a proof of its strength.

Thus he was and thus he is, for, save that his humor is rather more genial, I can see no change in the writer. The change has all been in the man and, we must admit, all for the better.

His new book covers the period of his novitiate, his reception as oblate, and his forced return to Paris with the expulsion of the Congregations from France. It is, no doubt, the most intimate study of modern monastic life yet given to the world. It is tinged with mysticism, full of long disquisitions on liturgical rites and ceremonies, stuffed with art criticisms, and, finally, set here and there with passages of extraordinary merit which gleam, gem-like, from their rather dull setting. Certain of the figures are sketched in with a kindness which is not, however, allowed to detract from the sureness, the almost pitiless truth of the artist's touch. M. Lampre, loving and serving the good monks and continually grumbling about them, is very graphic. "When he says of a father, 'It is a pious brute,' you must translate, 'This is a monk whose ideas are not absolutely in accord with mine.' It is an affair of words." Mademoiselle de Garambois, the oblate or lay-sister, with her ribbons whose color is regulated by the liturgical service for the day, with her sin of gluttony, her good heart, and her conventual mania, has decided charm, and Madame Bavoil, too rarely seen, is enchanting.

"When dear Abbé Gévresin died, I said to God, 'Must I stay at Chartres, return to Paris, or join

the good Durtal who offers me a shelter? What do you think? Since you have constituted yourself steward of the goods of my poor soul, administer them as you like and direct me in my new road without too many shocks. Yet if it were an effect of your goodness, my diligent Lord, I should like not to wear myself out with long waiting; act, then, if you please, quickly."

Durtal himself is purely psychological. The author has allowed him just enough body to make his thoughts ambulant. He is entirely absorbed in the study of monastic life, and unless the reader's interests happen to tally with his, he sometimes fails to hold one's attention. But here, too, there are many golden threads, as when, for instance, he discourses upon the indignities which the ritual offers to the minor saints. "Two candles suffice and at high mass a single assistant accompanies the priest. The very tone of the prayer is lowered. . . . They are treated according to their standing

and they are made to feel it." And again: "She [the Church] ought to beg the Lord to send her artists; their works would certainly lead to more conversions, bring her more partisans than those idle platitudes which the priests . . . pour out from their pulpits on the resigned heads of the faithful."

With these and other like remarks the question arises: What species of convert is this? Has he really turned to the faith, or merely to a connoisseurship in liturgies, plain-chant, and church art? M. Huysmans is fifty-four years of age, but his spirit is much older than that. It has, to judge from his works, outlived so many things. He has fled to the Church as to a refuge. Will he make it his home, or, even if he stays, is it to be to him only an *asile de vieillesse*? He is, his publisher tells me, writing a book on Lourdes which may help us to decide.



## Poets

By ROBERT LOVEMAN

BYRON, Shelley, Keats, and Poe,  
Wrath and rapture, wit and woe;  
Dreamers, debauchees divine,  
Frantic with a frenzy fine,  
Hearts of fire, souls of snow,  
Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe.

Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe,  
O sweet pain the poets know!  
Doomed, and damned, and crowned, and caught  
To bliss upon the wings of thought;  
Brain and vein, and pulse aglow,  
Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe.

Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe,  
Kingdoms crumble, empires go,  
Truth the jewel, wrought in rhyme,  
Sparkles on the brow of Time;  
Gods, upon them peace bestow,  
Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Poe.



THE OLD CORNER BOOK-STORE

## The Passing of a Literary Landmark

By MRS. ANNIE RUSSELL MARBLE

"AN old book-shop is a mental tonic to one who merely whiles away an idle hour therein."

Among the fine arts which have lapsed into disuse under the rapid current of modern life is that of literary browsing. The dominant mercantile conditions do not permit either time or place for cultivating this faculty. Our reading is not, in the main, for personal culture and delight, but "to keep in touch with the literature of the day." Miss Repplier has wittily said that certain prescribed books are thrust upon us "like paregoric or a porous plaster." The introduction of the book-section into large department stores, and the consequent competition in sales, have transformed many a restful, lethargic book-store of the past into

an alert business-house. The manner of the keen-eyed salesman does not invite protracted browsing. There are occasional survivals of the old-time, hospitable book seller with stacks chaotic and undusted. A gently tinkling bell above the door accompanies your entrance, and your host smiles a quiet welcome but resumes his reading, assuming that you have come to share his literary treasures and that, when you have loitered to your heart's content, if you wish to purchase, you will give him due notice. Memory recalls such haunts to-day,—on a hillside street in Montreal, in a picturesque suburb of New York, and in old Philadelphia, near Christ Churchyard.

The demolition of the quaint building at the corner of Washington and

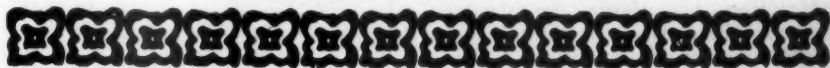
School streets in Boston removes not alone a famous landmark, but also a literary haunt hardly surpassed in this country in memories of authors and their friends. The delights of rendezvous, which the London shops of Tonsen, Newbery, and Davies afforded to Dryden, Goldsmith, and Johnson, were supplied at the Old Corner Book-store, the meeting-place of the New England poets and their comrades. The old building, dating back to 1712, has been used as a book-store since 1828. Its special interest came from the presence here of James T. Fields, editor, publisher, and friend of many English as well as American authors. While serving his apprenticeship as book-store clerk, Fields studied men as well as pages. A favorite pastime was to note the face of each incomer and guess for what special book he would inquire. To the astonishment of his fellow-clerks his intuition, combined with the laws of chance, often gave the correct result. The day over, he would trudge home with an armful of books for the evening's pleasure.

These qualities of sympathetic insight, combined with literary taste and prevision, enabled him to become the discoverer of "The Scarlet Letter," and the genial counsellor of many an author struggling in early years, but destined to win later fame. The Old Corner Book-store became an inspiration as well as a haven to both writers and readers. Here they found welcome to saunter and cull at will among the stacks, here was sanity of outlook amid the soul-racking problems of the day both in the world of sense and that of transcendentalism. The book-store, like its English predecessors in type, was also a literary club. Many a poetic fancy and clever *bon-mot* found birth there. Though history has recorded no famous meeting like that of Boswell and Johnson at Davies's or the introduction of Byron to Scott at Murray's, yet letters and journals of the time

mention chance acquaintances of note first seen and heard within this little room. Hawthorne flitted in and out, Longfellow and Whittier came often and mourned their publisher-friend in tender elegies, Holmes has recorded his familiarity in "Over the Teacups." Visitors also came from abroad,—the famous friends whom Fields has immortalized in "Yesterdays with Authors." The New York authors dropped in with the same surety of welcome as they found at Gowan's on Broadway. Well might Whipple inquire how his friend, the publisher, accomplished any business, since his time seemed wholly given to social callers.

This literary haunt and the vivid impress which it made upon both minds and hearts of its frequenters has been charmingly pictured by George William Curtis:

The annals of publication and the trade of publishers in this country will always mention the little Corner Book-store in Boston, as you turn out of Washington Street into School Street, and those who recall it in other days will always remember the curtained desk at which the poet and philosopher and historian and divine and the doubting, timid young author were sure to see the bright face and hear the hearty welcome of James T. Fields. What a crowded, busy shop it was, with the shelves full of books and piles of books upon the counters and the tables, and loiterers tasting them with their eyes and turning the glossy new pages,—loiterers at whom you looked curiously, suspecting them to be the makers of books as well as readers! You knew that you might be seeing there in the flesh and in common clothes the famous men and women whose genius and skill made the old world a new world for every one upon whom their spell lay. Suddenly, from behind the green curtain, came a ripple of laughter, then a burst, then a chorus; gay voices of two or three more, but always of one,—the one who sat at the desk and whose place was behind the curtain, the literary partner of the house. . . . It was the exchange of wit, the Rialto of current good things, the hub of the hub. . . . There was a universal moral and intellectual fermentation, but at the Corner Book-store the distinctive voice was that of pure literature.



## Good Morning

By FREDERICK A. WRIGHT

GOOD morning, my little boy blue,  
The flush of the dawn 's in the  
sky,  
The grass of the meadow is wet with  
the dew  
And the robin is singing on high.

The sun of ambition not yet  
Has come with its pitiless rays,  
To bring you the panting, the pain,  
and the sweat  
Of the noontide of passion ablaze.

No sign of the cloud-rack appears,  
No hint of the wild afternoon,  
Its lightning of loss and its tempest of  
tears  
And the darkness that falleth too  
soon.

Then follows the bow of that peace  
Which paints the departing of light,  
When pleasures and labors and sorrows  
must cease  
In the infinite calm of the night.

Good morning, then, little boy blue,  
The flush of the dawn 's in the sky,  
The grass of the meadow is wet with  
the dew  
And the robin is singing on high.

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## Women Writers of the New School in Germany

By GRACE ISABEL COLBRON

THE new dawn which is breaking for the women of Germany has shown its results in literature more clearly and more quickly than in any other line of public activity. In all the long and brilliant roll-call of German literature, women, until very recently, have had no place. And yet for many decades German women have been writing industriously. But with the exception of a few isolated examples, which prove no case and stand alone, their work has been mainly of that quiet sort which fills the pages of the family magazines with endless novels, bringing in a reasonably good income to the writer, but winning for her no claim to literary fame. There are many women in Germany, as everywhere else, who still go on writing in this way, but within the past quarter-century, particularly within the last decade of that period, a new

group of women writers has come into prominence, writers distinctly of their time, and whose books show a sufficient power to justify attention to themselves and as a type. These women have felt the quickening influence of the New Thought, and are the fighters in the van, or the chroniclers of the conflict for future ages. The realization of woman's right to a broader outlook, a richer mental life, brought into blossom talents which could not have found satisfaction in such achievement as was allowed a woman poet in Germany but a few years back, and some of these talents have given their message to the world clothed in sufficient artistic power to lay claim to endurance.

As is only natural, the stress of emotion which bore them upward on the crest of its waves gave them sometimes a feeling too intense to brook



the restraints of artistic discretion. The prophetess was too strong for the poetess, and though they utter words of power and import, the *Tendenz* is inartistically often over-emphasized and the work is not good literature, although it is worthy of being judged by literary standards because of the intense seriousness of it, and because it owes its being to that overpowering impulse to expression without which no book can be classed as literature. In spite of this over-emphasizing of the woman's side of it, some of the work of Emil Marriott possesses the literary quality which demands recognition by higher standards; and although that greater talent, Helene Böhlau, has let herself be dragged into the ugly perversities of a novel like "Halb-Tier" (Half-Beast), she has shown in two other books, "The Right of the Mother" and "The Switching Station," that she can clothe the ideas which sway her in poetic, artistic form. Both these books show a keenness of insight and a charming poetry of language and thought which raise them above the mass of work of the day, and which will let them live. Gabriele Reuter, a younger writer come recently into considerable popularity, has not yet eclipsed her first effort, "Of Good Family;" and her later books show a decided weakening.

Among the younger women writers of Germany, however, there is one talent head and shoulders above all the others, a woman whose powers have been quickened and encouraged by the breath of the New Thought, but who has absorbed it into herself, and interprets it with that perfect artistic discretion and unerring sense of proportion which is the hall-mark of genius. Clara Viebig writes because she must write, not to point a moral or enter the lists for any idea. But she is at once the finest fruition of the New Movement, and its chiefest justification. Clara Viebig is undoubtedly one of the interesting literary personalities of modern Germany. She so far outclasses all the other women writers that her work loses nothing of its power in being judged from and

by masculine standards, and yet never was a writer more intensely, sympathetically womanly. The chief and abiding charm of her talent and the foundation of her success is her absolute honesty and sincerity. She writes as she writes because she must write just that way, and not because of any passing literary fashion or fad. She is a realist because it has been given her to portray life with unflinching fidelity, and not because, when she first began to write, realism was more or less the proper thing. In fact, she attained her highest flights in pitiless and yet pitying realism, in the novels "Das Weiberdorf" (The Woman's Village) and "Das Tägliche Brot" (Our Daily Bread), when realism as a literary fashion in Germany was already decidedly on the wane, and when the Upper-tendom of literature had already proclaimed the doctrine of the New Romanticism. Clara Viebig wrote her short stories, "The Children of the Eifel" and the novel "Das Weiberdorf," before the recent New Movement of "Heimatkunst" had come to a realization of itself, and her choice of the bleak and yet strangely beautiful Eifel hills as the scene for some of her best work—her keenly realistic portrayal of the life of the Eifel peasantry, brutish and yet so full of vivid passion—all this sprang from the unerring artistic instinct which knows its own powers, and not from any wish to join in the Heimatkunst movement.

It is because of this unflinching honesty, because what she says rings true, that Clara Viebig's work appeals to high and lowly; that it satisfies the exacting critic and yet makes her the most widely read German novelist of to-day. A certain portion of the press and the public affect to decry her and to look upon her as a great talent gone astray and wallowing in the mire. But whatever the soul of the woman may have suffered from these attacks, her work has shown a steady line of upward development, and an unflinching holding to artistic sincerity and high purpose. It is not all even by any means; her sympathy reaches out to every form of life, to every place, and to every class

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of human joy and sorrow, but her gifts of expression have decided limitations, that is, when one would apply the very highest standard to her work. All of what Clara Viebig writes is well writ-

novels, three volumes of short stories, and two plays to her credit. The first of these, the novel, "Daughters of the Rhineland," appeared in 1896 and attracted some attention, although in



Photo by

CLARA VIEBIG (FRAU F. T. COHN)

Bieber, Berlin

ten, but it is on certain lines, and in certain of her work alone, that she springs forward to a first place in the line, and that her strong talent is taken up and absorbed in the fire of genius.

Clara Viebig is still a young woman, in the early summer of her powers, although she has already a record of six

many ways it was still restrained by the conventionalities of the "family magazine" literature. In this novel Clara Viebig proved how much of an impulse her talent had received from the new "Woman Movement," but she also proved that her artistic sense of proportion, the true literary quality

of her work, could not be led astray by any feeling, however strong. But a few months later her second work, "Children of the Eifel," appeared, and Clara Viebig was hailed by press and public as a new star on the literary horizon. A new writer and a new subject together—that does not happen often enough that the bored critics should not shout with glee at the phenomenon. The Eifel and its people, who are said to be a mingling of Celtic and Romanic blood, its sombre forest, set like a stern prophet of doom in the midst of the smiling, fertile Rhineland—this was a field for fiction which had not yet been discovered. Clara Viebig's childhood was passed in the Eifel, and with these little stories she has proved her claim to be the historian of that strange, forbidding district. She touches Nature with the firm hand of a man, with no flinching, no shrinking back from stern,

brutal realities, and yet with a tender, womanly sympathy which brightens and relieves the cruelty and the gloom. Clara Viebig has broadened and deepened in artistic stature, but some of these Eifel stories of her second venture hold their own with the best of her later work.

Her next books led her elsewhere, and although of excellent quality, which would have won them applause had not the writer set herself a standard in the Eifel tales which she must attain to prove the greater growth, it was not until she returned to her Eifel in the novel "Das Weibsdorf" that the more exacting critic consented to realize that her first effort was not a flash in the pan. "Das Weibsdorf" is a book which at first thought seems hardly possible as the work of a woman, and yet, the deeper one goes into it the more it is borne in upon one that only a woman could

have written such a book. It reaches the pitiless realism of a Maupassant; it is, if one might say it, like a Teniers picture as Edward Munch might interpret it. It is but a short novel, the story of a tiny village in the Eifel, too barren to nourish its inhabitants, so that the men are forced to seek employment in the factories a day's railroad journey away, coming home on a week's visit twice a year. There is something monumental in this little book,—the pictures remain in one's memory. It could be used by the New Woman as a proof of how necessary a widening of the mental horizon for woman can be; and yet the more conservative element might also hold it up to the extremists as a horrible



Photo by

"EMIL MARRIOTT" (FRÄULEIN EMILIE MATAJA)

Pietzner, Wien

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example of a realization of their theories of a world of and for women alone.

This high plane Clara Viebig reached again, after several years, in the longer novel, "Our Daily Bread," which appeared two years ago. This is another one of those books of which one says, "No woman could have written

ness, this novel ranks with the best that the newer German literature has produced. From a purely literary point of view, unhesitating praise must be given the book. It is Zolaesque in its unpitiful realism, and yet the pages are flooded with a great pity which raises it up and above the rank of



Photo by

FRÄULEIN GABRIELE REUTER

Fechner, Berlin

it," and which yet could have been written only by a woman.

"Our Daily Bread" is the portrayal of a few years in the life of an humble peasant girl, house servant in the great city. In its marvellous keenness of observation, its strength of portraiture, its loving insight, and startling direct-

a merely great novel, and turns it into a great sermon, which is all the more insistent in its warning because it does not preach. A novel of this kind from the pen of a young woman just past thirty is a sufficiently rare occurrence to warrant general attention. Resting from this great effort, Clara Viebig has

given us a novel of the Rhineland, "Die Wacht am Rhein," a fascinating picture of the years before and during the war of 1870, but a book which does

the trend of her talent. Her admirers still believe that she will one day write a truly great drama, but hers is not a talent which can be forced. It



Photo by

HELENE BÖHLAU (MME. AL RASCHID BEY)

Veritas

not pretend to reach the heights and the depths of its predecessor.

Clara Viebig's two plays have not had any great success, and yet there is something essentially dramatic about

must develop in its own way if it shall retain its chief quality, the crystal-clear honesty which pulses through every word this gifted young woman writes.





## THE HUNTER

*The dawn peeps out of the dark. Arise!  
Shake the heaviness off the eyes,  
Put the reluctant sloth to rout,  
Shoulder the hollow steel and out  
Into the East, whose virgin blush  
Sets the answering cheek of the earth  
a-flush.*

*I bare my brow to the morning. See!  
The mock-bird rocks in the topmost tree.  
The breath of the dew darts through  
me. Hark!*

*The shortened song of the meadow-lark.  
A flash of color salutes my sight  
As the swallow swims in the morning  
light.*

*The robin runs and the bluebird sings  
And the squirrel—I can almost see his  
wings!*

*The glory is on me. The very snail  
Leaves a rainbow tint in his slimy trail.*

*So fresh! so sweet! I greet the sun,  
As if the world had but just begun,  
As if the Creator toiled last night  
And the word was leaving the Lips for  
light.*

*I bow my head and I understand  
Religion, worship in every land;*

*The worship of bird, of beast, of sun,  
The worship of All, the worship of One.  
And the wonder is that we do not bow  
To worship the Nature-Mother now.*

*My frantic dog leaps into my face,  
Drops and freezes into his place.  
My blood leaps up, my pulses thrill,  
The savage within me clamors "Kill!"  
"Kill!" and I bury my fangs of death  
Where glows the warmth of the living  
breath.*

*"Kill!" and I sear the sensitive sight  
And blast it forever to life and light.  
"Kill!" and I hear the quivering note  
From its praise of love in the sensate  
throat.*

*A moment ago and I hardly trod  
The earth, for I held the hand of God.  
I held the hand, and I clearly heard  
The deepest song and the fullest word,  
Fresh-pulsed from the living heart of  
Him!*

*But now the sight of my soul is dim,  
Blurred by the blot of a clotted stain.  
Then I was Adam; now I am Cain.*

EDMUND VANCE COOKE.



## A Parsee Portia

Miss Cornelia Sorabji, Oxford Graduate, Lawyer and Author Too

By RANDALL BLACKSHAW

AT a garden party in the country near London, last summer, I was struck by an unwontedly picturesque figure among a group of persons moving across the lawn. A second glance showed the dress to be Oriental, and the wearer an Indian. A question as to her identity brought the meagre information that her name was Miss Sorabji, and that she was a lawyer, and had studied at Oxford. There may be Indian barristers in London, though I have never happened to see one, gowned and bewigged, in the neighborhood of the Law Courts; but I certainly was not prepared to believe that an Eastern lady was engaged in practice at the English bar. As my informant seemed disposed to take the visitor for granted, however, I refrained from pestering her with further queries.

In consideration, perhaps, of my forbearance, she introduced me to Miss Sorabji, with whom I had a pleasant talk on matters impersonal. What chiefly impressed me was not the

speaker's command of colloquial English, nor an accent that gave no hint that she was speaking another than her

mother tongue, but the thoroughly English, or European, point of view from which she seemed to regard every subject of conversation. My curiosity, far from being gratified, was only stimulated by this interview; but the next day I came upon some one who chanced to know my new acquaintance and could give me the information I desired. From this source, I learned that the young lady was a member of a family of Parsees whose father had abjured Zoroastrianism and brought up his children in the less ancient faith; and that she was a woman with a mission, though not a religious one. Among the Hindus (not the Parsees) and even more among the Mohammedans, from whom the Hindus long since

adopted the custom, women of the better classes—in fact, of any but the lowest class—may not come face to face with men. They are screened off



MISS CORNELIA SORABJI

behind the *purdah*, and the women who thus "sit in seclusion" are known as *purdahnishins*. As widows, sometimes having great property interests, and being, perchance, the mothers of rajahs not yet of mature age, they must assume the management of business affairs of vast importance, yet they are cut off completely from contact with the outside world, and must administer their estates through agents. It is conceivable that such agents may be honest men, yet their position tempts to dishonesty by making fraud easy of accomplishment and difficult of proof—especially, as is often the case, when their employers are wholly illiterate.

Years ago, when Miss Sorabji was a child, a rajah's widow, visiting at her parents' house, confided to her mother the story of the wrongs she had suffered at the hands of her confidential agent. The little girl drew near to listen, and her keen interest in the recital prompted the ruined *rani* to suggest that, when she grew up, she should set herself to right this great grievance of her countrywomen of other faiths and races than her own. The seed fell on grateful soil, and later on, when the child's future came up for consideration, she announced her desire to become learned in the law.

At twenty or so, at Ahmedabad, she was lecturing on literature and philosophy to a class of fifty or sixty young men. Soon afterwards she came to England and matriculated at Somerville College, of which Miss Maitland was the Head. At that time no law schools at Oxford were open to women, but through the kindly intervention of Dr. Jowett, Vice-Chancellor of the University, the lower, and then the B. C. L., examinations were thrown open to the newcomer, and she was admitted to the lectures at the men's colleges on the same terms as the male students. Thus she succeeded in obtaining just such an education as her brother obtained at the same seat of learning as a matter of course. In the intervals of work, she found time for wide reading in English literature, old and new; she kept in practice on the river with her sculls, and enjoyed the social life of

the place no less heartily than the least serious among her fellow-students.

In one of the many volumes of his entertaining "Diary," Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff, who met her at this time, describes her as a person like no one he had ever met, who reminded him of Novella d'Andrea, the fair Professor at Bologna. "Miss Sorabji's delight in Oxford," he writes, "is most refreshing, and her conversation has brought home to me very forcibly the immense and almost wholly salutary change which has taken place in the University since I was an undergraduate." The young student, who in later days numbered Tennyson and many other of the finest minds of England among her friends, had the good fortune to become well acquainted with Dr. Jowett, the famous Master of Balliol, whose intervention had smoothed her way at Oxford. In the *Nineteenth Century* for August, 1903, she pays a most interesting tribute to the memory of her old friend. On leaving the University, Miss Sorabji served an apprenticeship with a firm of London solicitors.

Thus equipped she returned to India, where for several years she has practised her profession. Her brother, whose office she shares, takes up the criminal cases that are brought to them, the civil branch being the sister's speciality; and in her day she has had many a curious cause to plead, in the English courts, where she appears by courtesy, or in those of the native states, where her status is more formally recognized. Oddest, perhaps, of all her legal experiences was one in which she held a brief for an elephant, to whom a legacy had been left; the rajah before whom she argued the case being at once judge and defendant in the suit, and giving judgment in favor of the petitioner! But the cause of the *purdahnishins* is of more importance in her sight than the winning of a dozen lawsuits, even when her client is an elephant—an animal for which she cherishes an hereditary regard; and for years it has been her aim to secure the recognition by the English courts in India of "men of business" of her own sex, who can come before them in cases involving

the rights of the women that "sit in seclusion."

Last year, she deftly seized the occasion of the Coronation (when, as she puts it, the bonds of Empire were so closely drawn) to publish a letter in the *London Times*, proposing this means of relief for her Hindu and Mohammedan compatriots, and re-enforcing her arguments by quotations from letters written at her instance by sundry English administrators and judges of Indian courts. In a leading article endorsing her suggestion, the editor referred to his correspondent as "an Indian lady of talents, education, and training equal to that of the most advanced of European ladies," and commended her scheme to the favor of Lady Curzon, adding "Her Excellency's sympathy with the women of India . . . has already achieved much beneficial work in various directions." There is something finely cosmopolitan in this appeal of the leading English newspaper to an American woman, in behalf of the Emperor of India's subjects. At present Miss Sorabji is sojourning in England, where she has innumerable friends, and where she belongs to one of the women's social clubs that have reached a point of development in London still far from realization in Chicago or New York.

If this Indian Portia, or Novella d'Andrea, were a lawyer only, no matter how learned, or only an advocate, however able and eloquent, of women's rights, in whatever quarter of the globe, her attainments would have no special interest for the readers of a literary magazine. But the friend from whom I learned her story mentioned, incidentally, that she had written a book. Not without misgivings, I procured a copy—and read it through almost at a sitting. It proved to be a collection of tales of native life in India, called "Love and Life behind the Purdah." Not only was the English idiom handled as surely as if the author knew no other, but the choice of words and framing of phrases were those of the *littérateur*; and each story was told with a sense of

the dramatic that revealed the writer's clear vocation. Yet with the detachment of the cosmopolitan there went also a comprehension of the Eastern point of view, and an innate sympathy with it, virtually impossible to the Western mind. To appreciate the pathos and humor of the tales, however, one needs no special interest in India and her people,—just as one needs no peculiar interest in the animal kingdom to appreciate the *Jungle Books*. Three of the stories are reprinted from the *Nineteenth Century*, and one from *Macmillan's Magazine*. A preface from the pen of Lady Dufferin, widow of a former Viceroy, is followed by a letter to the author from an ex-administrator in India, Lord Hobhouse, who takes occasion to advocate the author's plea in behalf of the *pardahnishins*—which, by the way, the author herself is too true an artist to obtrude in any of her stories.

Since the appearance of "Love and Life," the author has prepared for the press a group of tales relating to Indian children. "The Children People" it is called; and it consists of sketches from memory of the little folk who have happened to appeal most strongly to her sense of humor, or eye for individuality. Gifted as she is, and with inexhaustible material ready to her hand, there is every reason to suppose that Miss Sorabji will ere long become, like Mr. Kipling and Mrs. Steel, a recognized interpreter of the East to the West—speaking, moreover, with an authority which neither of these two writers can pretend to. This, of course, is not to say that her work is of greater æsthetic value than theirs, and no one would repudiate such a claim in its behalf more promptly than the author herself, whose modesty is as great as her merit, and who admires ardently and intelligently the creator of "Kim," and the woman who has portrayed so faithfully the peasants of the Punjab. One of the most interesting of her contributions to the English periodicals is a study of the writings of these most famous of Anglo-Indian tale-tellers.



## Robert Barr at Home

ROBERT BARR occupies the finest site in England. So he mentioned when he wrote and asked me to come down and look at it. He added that the station was Woldingham. I asked several people if they could tell me where it was, but could gain little information. Even the booking-clerk at Victoria reflected a moment before he would admit that his line could transport me to Woldingham. My ticket cost me one shilling and fivepence; whence I concluded that Woldingham must be very near Victoria,—a mere suburb that had escaped my eye.

Outside the little station at Woldingham Robert Barr awaited me, blinking in the sunshine, with a cigarette in a holder projecting from one corner of his mouth. He was seated in a pony-cart; between the shafts was one of the ponies he has imported from Canada. The station-master, evidently surprised at the advent of a passenger, came out to look at me, took my ticket and turned it over and over in his hand. Not a house was in sight, nor any human being but we three. Only hills swelling up on either side, trees, grass, and blue sky. And only seventeen miles from Charing Cross!

A climb of two miles brought us into a cool, clean atmosphere and a gentle breeze. "Here we are," said Robert Barr, as we turned into a gateway. "Now what do you think of that?"

We had pulled up, as it seemed, on the sheer outer edge of the hill we had climbed. Eight hundred feet below us stretched a vast, undulating plain, dotted with villages; Kent, Surrey, and Sussex lie about our feet; in the distance range upon range of hills, the farthest of which just hides the English Channel. I asked him how he had found it. It was by a happy accident. For ten years he had been scouring the country about London for a plot of land that should be lofty, solitary, and accessible. One day his eye fell on an advertisement. It seemed too good to be true. But he went down

to Woldingham, of which neither he nor any one else had ever heard, bought ten acres of the finest site in England, and built his house.

We sat down presently upon a garden seat, with the Garden of England in full view below, and talked. At least Barr talked. For when Barr talks the other men listen and are rewarded for reticence. Barr can tell stories in print, and his stories are popular enough. But they are not nearly so popular as the stories he tells and does not print, talking in that monotone which every man catches who crosses from this side to that side of the Atlantic, the monotone that arrests the ear.

A rugged face looks at me over the cigarette,—you never picture Barr without a cigarette in a holder cocked from the corner of his mouth,—a face that ends in a short beard and moustache; under the broad-brimmed hat he pulls down to shade him from the sun a pair of kindly eyes; of clothes he takes little account as you will perceive: a rough knickerbocker suit, a flannel shirt, generally an obviously unstudied carelessness of attire.

Barr admires style, at a distance. "If I were a younger man," he said, "I would learn style. As it is, I just think of my story. I was talking once in a club with a leading critic, and some leading authors, and Thomas Hardy. They were talking about style. And I said to Hardy, 'What is style?' Hardy said, 'I really don't know.'"

Style or no style, Barr can tell stories; and he has plenty in reserve. His journalistic life has supplied him with enough material to last his time. Ten thousand more plots is his rough estimate of what he has at the back of his brain.

Robert Barr is not an American, though he graduated as a writer in the United States. Nor does he claim to be a good business man. But he was clever enough to buy the finest site in England; and foreseeing enough to be born in Glasgow.

C. R.



Courtesy of

Messrs Charles Scribner's Sons

## England's Real Laureate\*

By WILLIAM ARCHER

IF "souls of poets dead and gone" take any interest in the doings of their successors, one cannot but wonder what are the feelings—and the remarks—of Spenser, Pope, Wordsworth, even Matthew Arnold, on having such a stanza as this presented to them as the latest flower of English poetry:

We're foot — slog — slog — slog — sloggin' over  
Africa!

Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—  
(Boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down  
again!)

There's no discharge in the war!

They could not but deem it an uncouth, monstrous, thing, remote in all

its aspects from the art they knew and loved. And yet if the poets simply despised and disowned this latest born of their race, they would make a great mistake. Even the piece from which we have quoted is poetry of a kind. It utters in measured language, and with extraordinary vividness, a human experience—that of a dog-tired infantryman "sloggin' over Africa" in a series of forced marches. Here rhythm is called in to express something that could not possibly be as effectively expressed in prose; and could Pope—aye, or even Wordsworth—say as much for all his verses? Again, let us read two stanzas of the "Chant-Pagan," which ushers in the section headed "Service Songs" in Mr. Kipling's new book. It is an "English Irregular" who speaks:

\* "The Five Nations." By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world  
'Eave up all shiny with dew,  
Kopje on kop to the sun,  
An' as soon as the mist let 'em through  
Our 'elios winkin' like fun—  
Three sides of a ninety-mile square,  
Over valleys as big as a shire—  
*Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye there?*  
An' then the blind drum of our fire  
An' I 'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,  
Me!

Me that 'ave rode through the dark  
Forty mile often on end,  
Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,  
With only the stars for my mark  
An' only the night for my friend,  
An' things runnin' off as you pass,  
An' things jumpin' up in the grass,  
An' the silence, the shine an' the size  
Of the 'igh, inexpressible skies . . .  
I am takin' some letters almost  
As much as a mile, to the post,  
An' "Mind you come back with the change!"  
Me!

Here we have the intensely imaginative rendering of an emotion which must lurk inarticulate in many an English breast; and is not this one of the undeniable functions of poetry? Yes, even when he speaks through the H-less and unchastened mouth of the serviceman Mr. Kipling again and again reveals himself a true poet. We may regret the wantonly high-piled vulgarity of such a piece as "M.I."; we may find more mannerism than merit in the extravagances of "Ubique"; yet even here there is a stanza telling of

That warnin' grunt the perished linesman knows  
When o'er 'is strung and sufferin' front the shrapnel  
sprays his foes,

which is a model of style, if style means the right selection and placing of the essential word. You may think, perhaps, that one of Mr. Kipling's many imitators might have produced something as good as the rather commonplace "Parting of the Columns"; yet even here there are lines which no imitator could touch. "Stellenbosch" is a terrible satire, "Lichtenberg" a true lyric of Australian sentiment, while "Two Kopjes" and "Columns," taken together, form a compendious history

of the war. "The Return" closes the series in much the same strain in which the "Chant-Pagan" opened it. "Peace is declared," says the singer, "an' I return To Ackneystadt, but not the same"; and he enumerates the educative influences which have made him different:

The day's lay-out—the mornin' sun  
Beneath your 'at-brim as you sight;  
The dinner-'ush from noon till one,  
An' the full roar that lasts till night;  
An' the pore dead that look so old  
An' was so young an hour ago,  
An' legs tied down before they 're cold—  
These are the things which make you know.

Also Time runnin' into years—  
A thousand Places left be'ind—  
An' men from both two 'emispheres  
Discussin' things of every kind;  
So much more near than I 'ad known,  
So much more great than I 'ad guessed—  
An' me, like all the rest, alone—  
But reachin' out to all the rest!

Whether the experiences of 1899-1902 have indeed imbued the serviceman with the makings of a soul, and filled that soul with Imperialistic sentiment, is more than we can say. Our business, for the present, is only to point out the excellence of the poetic form given to this idea. The fifth and sixth lines of the first of these stanzas, and the last quatrain of the second, are poignant in their simplicity and strength.

The Service Songs, however, form no more than a third of the bulk of this volume. The larger part consists of a garnering-in of Mr. Kipling's contributions in his own person—as distinct from that of Mr. Atkins—to the social, political, and racial (or should we say tribal?) thought and feeling of the time. Here we find several pieces which are already as familiar as a Sousa march or "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." Here are "The Islanders," with its "flannell'd fools and muddled oafs," "The Lesson" (which "will do us no end of good"), "The Truce of the Bear" (a poem so powerful as to render acute our chronic doubt whether Mr.

Kipling's sense of responsibility is commensurate with his talent), "Our Lady of the Snows," "Kitchener's School," "The White Man's Burden," and well-known numbers. Two, however, we miss—"The Absent-Minded Beggar" and "The Rowers." The omission of the former one can readily understand; but how are we to interpret the suppression of the latter? Of the pieces which, so far as we know, now appear for the first time, several touch the high-water mark of Mr. Kipling's achievement. Were we forced to assign an order of merit we should bracket three poems in the first place: "The Feet of the Young Men," "The Explorer," and "The Palace." All three are full of high imagination, admirable phrasing, and profound human significance. They are written in long measures, which do not lend themselves to quotation; and, indeed, it would do them wrong to wrench a stanza from its context. Equally powerful, in a grim, unbeautiful way, is "The Old Men"; and "The Peace of Dives" is a symbolic picture of the present condition of the world, reminding one, both in its movement and its vigor, of "The Last Chantey." "The Dykes" is a patriotic fable, "The Second Voyage," a haunting piece of symbolic worldly-wisdom. "White Horses," and "The Bell Buoy" are memorable songs of the sea; "Cruisers" and "The Destroyers" are lyric supplements—crude, but characteristic—to "A Fleet in Being." Not the least remarkable poem of the collection is one entitled "The Broken Men." Who but Mr. Kipling would think of finding a subject in defaulting financiers wearing out their lives in the sunny Republics "where never warrants come"? Yet, even out of this unpromising theme he succeeds in wringing something very like poetry:

Day long the diamond weather,  
The high, unaltered blue—  
The smell of goats and incense,  
And the mule-bells tinkling through.  
Day long the warder ocean,  
That keeps us from our kin,  
And once a month our levée  
When the English mail comes in.

We sail o' nights to England,  
And join our smiling Boards;  
Our wives go in with Viscounts  
And our daughters dance with Lords,  
But behind our princely doings,  
And behind each coup we make,  
We feel there's Something Waiting,  
And—we meet It when we wake.

"The Five Nations," then, if it does not reveal any hitherto unsuspected power in Mr. Kipling, will at least sustain his reputation. There is much true poetry in the volume; and even where the poetic quality is questionable, the literary brilliancy is, for the most part, beyond dispute. One might, indeed, dispense with such a mere piece of reckless rhyming as "The Files," and especially with the dismal pun about the "newspaPère-la-Chaise." Here and there, too, one comes across lines and constructions that are metrically or grammatically dubious. On the whole, however, the book shows a higher ideal of workmanship than its predecessors, and a more sustained seriousness of intention. Why, then, does the reading of it leave behind a sense of fatigue rather than of refreshment or even stimulation? Why, on laying it down, does one involuntarily recall Mr. William Watson's epigram "After Reading 'Tamburlaine the Great'":

Your Marlowe's page I close, my Shakespeare's ope,  
How welcome—after gong and cymbal's din—  
The continuity, the long, slow slope  
(And vast curves of the gradual violin!

There is undeniably something of the brass band and the swaggering drum-major about Mr. Kipling's manner that makes one yearn for music of a smoother and a subtler strain. The epithets that flow to one's pen in characterizing his work are all of a strenuous order. One is apt to ring the changes on "vigorous," "vivid," "vivacious," "vital"; and there are times when it is a little difficult not to run up the alliterative gamut to "violent" and "virulent." Intensity of vision and expression, hyperbolically grandiose imagery, tumulousness of metrical movement—these



are the unvarying and overworked qualities of his style. His subjects are the importunate phenomena or the harassing problems of the hour; and when, by exception, he turns to larger issues, it is generally to treat them with a sort of sententious sagacity rather than serene and liberating wisdom. All this is merely to say that Mr. Kipling's writing is somewhat monotonously Kiplingese; and the remark would not be worth making were it not that Mr. Kipling is quite clever enough, by taking thought, to

lend variety to his style. He is a self-conscious artist who, within certain limits, can do what he wills to do; and there is no reason to think that he has touched the limits set by nature to his will. Mr. Kipling has enlarged the resources of English poetry in perfecting the Kiplingese manner; and for this we are not ungrateful. But a single manner cultivated exclusively and to excess becomes a mannerism; and we believe Mr. Kipling to be so far captain of his soul as to be capable of rising above this danger.

## Stephen Phillips's "Ulysses"

By J. RANKEN TOWSE

THERE can be no doubt that the "Ulysses" of Mr. Stephen Phillips is a work of genius. That point has been settled by the almost unanimous verdict of the soundest critical judgments. It is a poem, in dramatic form, of great beauty, rich and occasionally powerful in imagination, written throughout in choice, simple, fluent, and expressive English, and abounding in passages of felicitous description and rare emotional eloquence. It approaches very nearly, if it does not quite reach, the heights of tragic grandeur, and elsewhere exhibits the nimble play of a graceful and delicate fancy. In literary quality it is incomparably superior to any play of recent date, except his own "Herod" and "Paolo and Francesca," but unfortunately it is deficient in some of the qualities most essential to successful stage presentation. To be perfectly frank, it lacks some of the indispensable characteristics of true drama.

Bearing his other stage pieces in mind, it is only reasonable to suppose that these defects are due rather to the restrictions of his subject and to managerial necessities than to any inherent failure of perception. The reflection,

however, does not alter the facts in the case, although it may partly explain them. In the highest type of drama, even in ordinarily good acting drama, there must be a dominant theme or impulse, a connected story, a certain element of suspense, a conflict of opposing interests tending steadily toward a climax and a logical settlement. There should be, moreover, a close relation between the acts and characters of the personages involved and the incidents in which they figure. "Ulysses" is simply a panorama, illustrating isolated adventures of a hero who is the sport of a whimsical and cruel fate, which he can neither comprehend nor conciliate. His experiences are wholly independent of his own actions or character. He is in very different case from Orestes, the legitimate prey of the Furies, for although he is persecuted by one god, he is under the constant protection of others yet more mighty. Nor is there any uncertainty as to his ultimate restoration to home and happiness, of which ample assurance is given in the prologue. Poetically he is a picturesque, interesting, and heroic sufferer, but dramatically, seen perpetually



with a god or goddess at his elbow, deprived of individuality and initiative, he is reduced almost to the level of a puppet.

It must be admitted that Mr. Phillips, over-mindful possibly of Homeric epithets, has treated Ulysses rather badly. He permits him no opportunity of giving practical proof of the heroic stuff of which he is supposed to be compounded. Reference indeed is made more than once to his courage, resourcefulness, and address, to his prominence in fight and council, his escapes from the sirens, Polyphemus and Charybdis, and so forth, but few of his manly virtues are shown in action. He talks much and eloquently, but does little or nothing. This is the inevitable consequence of Mr. Phillips's scheme in making him so utterly and visibly dependent upon Olympian direction, but it detracts enormously from his dramatic or theatrical value. It is difficult to sympathize very deeply with the woes of an afflicted husband whose emotions are the mere playthings of supernatural beings, as in the scenes with Calypso, or to cherish any illusions about his peril in a hell from which he has been promised a safe deliverance. Similarly, there can be no thrill of suspense about the outcome of the final scene with the suitors, because the guardian goddess has pledged herself to intervene at the critical moment.

Nor is this the only mistake that Mr. Phillips has committed. Not only has he weakened the character of his hero, but he has succeeded, by some ill-advised pleasantries, in casting discredit upon his immortals. If, in writing a play upon old classic lines, he wished to represent the Olympians as arbiters of human destinies, surely, for the sake of artistic symmetry, if not of illusion, he ought to have endowed them with some measure of dignity, if not of solemnity. The idea of Aphrodite mischievously twitting Zeus upon the delicate subject of his terrestrial escapades, and of the latter "thundering lightly" in jovial reminiscence, is funny, but imparts a touch of burlesque to the whole opening scene, which is intended apparently to strike the keynote for

the entire performance. Mr. Phillips is not always happy, or discreet, in his employment of humor. He could justify, doubtless, his introduction, in the last act, of the episode in which Athene tests the cunning of Ulysses by accosting him in the guise of a shepherd, but it is not a very brilliant invention. If the goddess really was as much delighted, by such a very ordinary lie, as she pretended to be, it must have been very easy to please her.

This rather flippant view of the immortals, who in poetic drama ought to be treated seriously or not at all, and the obscuration of the professed hero, help to weaken the theatrical effect of a piece which is as devoid of plot—the programme of the gods as set forth in the prologue can scarcely be dignified by such a name—as it is of construction. Of the five scenes, into which the three acts of the play proper are divided, the second and third, on the island of Calypso and in Hades, might be omitted altogether, without breaking the apparent continuity of the other three. In other words, if Ulysses did not appear at all until the last act, the story would be just as intelligible and just as coherent. But there would be less spectacle and, what is much more important, less poetry. The truth is that "Ulysses" is not a play at all, except in a conventional sense, and it is necessary to be explicit upon this point because it is an all-sufficient answer, though not by any means the only one, to current insinuations that it has not proved a financial success, and that therefore there is evidently no public demand for the literary drama. There could not be a much more absurd *non-sequitur*. A strong drama with fine literary qualities will attract larger audiences than an equally strong drama which is devoid of them. "Ulysses," unfortunately, owing to its invertebrate construction and lack of real dramatic or emotional interest, appeals chiefly to two classes of playgoers, those capable of appreciating the beauties of poetic imagination and expression and those who find full satisfaction in the marvels of modern stage spectacle.

This does not mean that the piece is

destitute of effective theatrical situations. On the contrary, it contains many individual scenes which are deeply emotional and sympathetic and even dramatic. Among them may be noted the first entrance of Penelope, the meeting between Ulysses and his mother's shade in Hades,—why Mr. Phillips should employ the English non-equivalent "Hell" is a mystery,—the recognition of his father by Telemachus, and Penelope's superb defiance and rejection of Antinous. But unquestionably the theatrical success of the play depends mainly upon the capacity of the actors to give due oratorical effect to the rich music and splendid force of the many notable passages with which the book is filled. These abound even in the prologue, but here the sound is sometimes finer than the substance. Nothing, however, could be much better, either in form or spirit, than the final soliloquy of Penelope in the first act, with all its pathetic and passionate yearning, or that superb outburst of home-sickness with which the re-awakened Ulysses tears himself clear of all the flimsy webs of Calypso's enchantments. Especially fine, too, in its vigor and simplicity is Athene's description of the abode of the dead, while in the greetings which Ulysses exchanges with the various shades there is an extraordinary aptness and variety, which, unhappily, can only be illustrated by quotation,

for which there is no space in this brief article. It could be wished, however, that Mr. Phillips had made Ulysses a little more compassionate and a little less conscious of his own woes. In the last act there are no more stirring lines than those contained in Penelope's repulse of Antinous to which reference has been made already, but there is a moment of silence fully as eloquent when the wanderer and his wife, in speechless ecstasy, meet in close embrace. Here Mr. Phillips obeyed an instinct as truly dramatic as it was poetic.

It is not necessary at this time to enter upon any detailed criticism of the performance of "Ulysses" in this city, but in common justice to the author it must be said that the representation was of a kind which disguised its virtues and magnified its defects. Of all the players only one, Miss Coghlan, was really adequate. While she was upon the stage, the spell of the poet was felt; when she retired inspiration departed also. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, the amount of success achieved by this almost purely literary piece is gratifying and encouraging. It proves once more that there is a large body of playgoers who can appreciate good work and justifies the expectation that other works by Mr. Phillips, of stronger dramatic fibre, will secure an unequivocal triumph.

## The Spirit of Modern Investigation

By A. R. MORGAN DAHLGREN

ONCE upon a time, so long ago as to be now almost forgotten, there was a theory based upon the experience of those days that an unquestionable analogy existed between the treatment of mind and body, and that the mind required for its sustenance and health, in degree, if not in kind, the wholesome food, pure air, and moderate exercise which the body needed for its best development; but in these modern days we have changed all that, and soul

needs, mind needs, and body needs are no longer treated in the same way; on the contrary, strong meat, impure air, and overstrained energies are now considered proper for minds of all ages, youth being fed mentally with exactly the same food which even strong middle-age finds it difficult and dangerous to swallow, while the Press, through its exaggerated advertisements, and the Pulpit, by its frequently one-sided suggestions, foster and further this

unwholesome appetite for unwholesome food. The editor and publisher fill their advertising columns with attractive, but utterly misleading if not absolutely untruthful criticisms on the latest French or still worse English novel, and on the strength of these wholesale recommendations the boy and girl take from the Public Library books which a hardened man of the world throws aside in disgust. These poor young minds, having yet to learn what has become a fact in the language of our day, that the words "strong and powerful," so constantly used to describe modern books, mean as a rule "coarse and revolting."

The often quoted and much abused saying that "to the pure all things are pure" is worse than absurd in this connection, for I believe it to be just as impossible for a pure-minded woman to read the newest English novels (written, alas! by English women as a rule) without being conscious of taint and loss of moral fibre, as it would be for her body not to feel physical revolt against opium or any other form of poison.

The Pulpit, too, preaches to old and young, strong and weak, alike the doctrine of investigation on all subjects and all sides, in the religious or rather anti-religious field, a doctrine which careful parents avoid in the treatment of their children, as investigation of the match-box on the part of the ignorant child usually leads to the destruction of valuable property, and investigation of the medicine-chest to loss of life.

The doctrine of investigating methods of attack in religious matters in order to prove that one is not afraid of attack seems, to say the least of it, a disloyal one, and certainly less satisfac-

tory than to build up the fortifications of one's faith from within by purity and high standards, which view the child can understand as well as the grown man without the trouble of investigation, and is surely better than the theory that you must first fill your mind with unwholesome food in order to prove what is wholesome, a process which may seriously endanger if not destroy spiritual life.

The worst feature of all this modern craze for mental investigation is that it requires the highest sort of moral courage to stand out against it and seem indifferent to the imputation of cowardice, prudishness, narrow-mindedness, Pharisaism, and pose sure to be attached to the man or woman who ventures to prefer, and to assert preference for, simple mental food, such as our forefathers were permitted to enjoy. Those who have "wallowed in the mire" of impure thought and unbelief do not like to stand, or rather sink, alone—they wish companionship, and especially the companionship of those who are supposed to prefer pure water rather than foul as a means to cleanliness.

But enough and perhaps too much, for happily the world is more full now than it was even in the "good old days" of healthful food for the mind on which we may live, and grow to our full perfection if we will; and however strong the tendency of modern thought may be to lower our standards, it is still eternally true that

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.



# Blackstick Papers. No. VII\*

By MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE

## Links with the Past

### I

IF the Fairy Blackstick ever wastes her time on soliloquies and speculations, and if anything at all strikes her very particularly after ten or twenty thousand years of experience, she might perhaps be inclined to compare the present condition of women with what it was in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign. There is certainly a difference—women are freer under King Edward's rule, more independent, more impressionable, more generally interested in the affairs of life, and probably a great deal happier than they used to be sixty years ago; but notwithstanding the spread of education—perhaps because of it—they seem in some ways less dominant and important, not so much considered, as they once were. They may be authors now, but they are not such authorities; they may be teachers, but they are no longer mistresses. They seem less of personalities somehow. It is true that manners as well as dress revert to those feminine and graceful times. Flounces, flowing scarves, falling curls, open-work stockings, and large silk bags were all the fashion then, and seem to be the fashion once more. Is the graceful girl whose drooping eyelash sweeps all before her coming also to the front? Is the tailor-clad amazon no longer to be absolute? Who shall venture to say? But even if women go back in dress and looks to the forties, I cannot imagine our daughters and granddaughters really subsiding into the elegant domesticity of the ladies who wore big bonnets and tripped escorted by gentlemen in full trousers with straps, and with tassels hanging to their canes, and with stiff stocks under their chins.

Society consisted of a series of little kingdoms then, not of a number of small republics as now. I cannot

imagine any person now alive whose name would describe a whole phase of life as some of these past names do to us. The mention of them brings back the thought, not only of the people themselves but of the good company they kept—Doctor Johnson, Mrs. Thrale, even the irrepressible Miss Anna Seward come before us surrounded by their generation. To take a more modern instance, when not long ago Mrs. Procter passed away, Charles Lamb himself seemed to die again, and the dear and gentle Barry Cornwall and all the kind and comfortable company of wits and poets who gathered round the Procters' hearth seemed to go farther off into space; so it seemed when Mrs. Kemble died, the last of her noble generation.

The stately old tree falls and we miss its spreading shade and comprehending shelter; the birds sing for us in the branches and the leaves hang to the end, and old and young gather round still, and find rest and entertainment until the hour comes when all is over. The old branches go with the last green leaves hanging to them, and the ancient stem with so many names and signs carved deep in its bark, and the memories of the storms and sunshines of nearly a century.

### II

Eliza Horace Smith, who died in her house at Brighton but the other day, could go back to the times of Princess Charlotte of Wales, who had driven her as a child in her big coach through the London squares in company with some other children well known to the Princess. She could remember Keats and Shelley, so she has told me, and also we read of her as being desired by her father to look at a gentleman "in ambrosial dark, and sitting beneath a wide-spreading ilex tree." "Do you see that man?—that is a poet," said

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Horace Smith. It was Keats, already ill and suffering, who had come from Hampstead to Fulham for the day.

There is an old row of houses forgotten by the tide, and still standing at Fulham amid the new lamps and half-baked bricks, and the waste and lumber of the railway, and the flats rising to gigantic heights. There the little peaceful row still stands, looking quaint and picturesque, awaiting its doom with tranquil dignity. If I do not mistake, it was in one of these pretty old houses, an end house with a large garden then belonging to it, that Horace Smith dwelt after his second marriage. It was here that his daughter Rosalind was born and that he made the acquaintance of Keats and of Shelley, to whom he was so true a friend to the last. This fidelity of feeling and interest was inherited by his daughter. She has shown me page upon page in Shelley's flowing handwriting, notes to her father, rather practical than poetic, requests, details, demands for books, for bills, directions about directions and packings and despatchings. The letters came from Pisa and from other places in Italy. I also saw two or three from Byron and from Leigh Hunt—one could only be amazed at the extraordinary patience of all that brilliant generation, at the careful details and calculations it went into. We who have life simplified for us by a paternal government, parcels post, money orders, telegraphs, halfpenny cards, can hardly realize the importance of minutiae in those days of straps and stocks, nor, indeed, can we quite realize the wonderful interest and response of Horace Smith, the kind man of business, man of friendship: one hardly knows by what name to call the link between him and his beloved poet.

At Shelley's death Horace Smith found that he had paid some hundred and fifty pounds for postages and small commissions which he never asked for, so Miss Horace Smith once told me. It was to Horace Smith that Mrs. Shelley came flying in her despair after Shelley's death—the Smith family was at Versailles at the time, and to them for unflinching help and counsel the poor young

lady turned. Eliza said she could remember her coming in, with her pale face and in her travelling dress after the long forlorn journey.

In the biographical preface to "Pendennis" there is the following sentence about one of the children of Horace Smith:

In those days there was living in Brighton a charming little girl, with dark eyes and curly brown hair, and I have often heard the story how she came running into the room and said her name was Laura, and how the writer of "Pendennis" then and there made her the godmother to his new heroine. She was the youngest of the three daughters of Horace Smith, of the "Rejected Addresses." She married Mr. John Round, and died still young, still dark-eyed, gay and charming. . . .

The other sisters never married, though Rosalind, the second, was one of the most beautiful of women, and rumors of rejected addresses followed her more persistently than any other person I have ever known. I remember hearing her say, laughing, to my father: "I seem to have some natural attraction for curates; I really cannot help it—nothing would induce me to marry a curate. I suppose it must be some law of contrast which interests them in me."

The curates of those days must have had very good taste if they admired Rosalind Smith, for no one who ever saw her will forget the bright face, the sweet voice discoursing so gaily; when her dark curls turned to snowy white, the lady was prettier if possible than before; light of step, kind of heart, sweet-tempered, and devoted to the very last to her elder sister, who survived her in sad loneliness of spirit for many years.

In the "Life of Horace and James Smith" there are occasional mentions of Eliza, who was a great deal the eldest of the three daughters. She seems to have been delicate as a child, then she improves. "Her bones no longer rattle as she walks," writes her father; and finally she is ordered to be diligent, and to practise her trills and scales when she goes away from home on a visit. She was a brilliant musician in after days. She used to sing very well in-



deed; besides talking with flashing wit and with confidence. There is a little sonnet to her by her grandfather, written in the lively style of the period, and characteristic of the family wit, which gives one a pleasant impression of good spirits and good-humor. Tizey-Phillis had asked her grandfather to write in her album:

O, what is Cupid with his bow and dart  
Compared to Phillis and her strange demands?  
The little archer only aims at hearts:  
She takes our hearts—then asks us for our hands.  
But will no Damon check the wild career,  
And strive, at least, to shorten the research—  
Now dare to turn the tables on the fair  
By asking her to sign his album in the church?

When poor Phillis was still quite young her beauty was disfigured and her nose hopelessly broken by a terrible fall, which, so I have heard, influenced her whole fate. As she saw herself in the glass afterwards, her heart was heavy indeed; she abandoned a hope then very dear to her, and she made a vow to herself with tears never to let her own mischance in life embitter her feelings or lessen her sympathy in the happiness of others. This vow she endeavored to keep with the last response of her failing powers, trying to the end to realize, and, in a measure, to enjoy, the happiness of other lives, though she had been left lonely by Fate, and all her generation had gone before her.

### III

Brighton in the days of the Horace Smiths filled the place which some foreign watering-places now hold. It was a playing-field for many hard-worked statesmen. Literary men came there, painters, actors. It had also a society of its own. Rich Americans did not then exist, but the Duke of Devonshire of those days lived much at Brighton, and entertained. Other people of mark and means had their houses there; many notabilities used to stay there for the season: among these came Harriet Mellon, the well-known Duchess of St. Albans. They came, not in an hour for a week-end as now; but driving down in post-chaises, with their footmen and attendants, and elaborately

establishing themselves. We read in the "Newdigate Letters" of the difficulties they often had in finding suitable accommodation for their various followings. To all this spirited society Eliza was welcomed. Her father was evidently proud of her position and success, of her fine singing, her merry talk.

She used to like to talk of all these times, of bygone heroines, of the various bucks and dandies who fought duels and dazzled the onlookers. "You people are so dreadfully young," said Tizey not long ago to two respectable middle-aged visitors; "you don't remember any of the people I am telling you about." She liked the presentable, the agreeable; she knew how to appreciate.

"The bright, keen-witted woman whom I delighted to listen to," writes an old friend to whom, as usual, I turned for suggestion and help. "I never felt that I really knew her," he adds, "but I felt very grateful to her, and rather amazed at her cordial regard, which never changed."

Another of her friends, after a long absence, going to call, and standing waiting outside the door, was ashamed and touched by the unmistakable pleasure and affection expressed by the invalid in her chimney corner. It was there, as she sat with her back to the window, against which the wind was beating, and with her hands before her in a little muff she liked to use, that she said in reply to the conventional "I am afraid you feel the change of the weather," "Yes," she answered gravely, "I feel it, and I suffer from it, and I tell myself I am part of the universe."

The recording angel may often have felt inclined to smile as he put down some brilliant, droll saying of Tizey's. He will have but few effacing tears to drop upon the page. Bacon writes of talk that should be kept salt not acid. Tizey's talk was salt, not bitter. Her sallies concerned things rather than personal feelings. If all the world strolls up and down before your windows it is impossible not to be amused and to speculate upon their comings and goings, and Tizey speculated; but she could talk of other things clearly,

definitely, and courageously. "Nobody but Boswell or Caroline Fox can remember that enchanting, evanescent thing, good talk," writes a correspondent of a much younger generation, who had seen a great deal of her when she was a girl, and she recalls an amusing saying one day, when Miss Horace Smith was staying at Cannizaro. Some of the party had been to the theatre, and on her return Miss Horace Smith was asked whether she had enjoyed the play. "It was all very dull; the play was dull, and the theatre nearly empty—there was nobody in the boxes, nobody in the stalls, not even an ox!" Who ever imagined a stalled ox in such juxtaposition before?

It was on the terrace of this same pleasant Cannizaro, with its waving woods and spreading lawns, that the writer once heard Miss Smith laughing and replying to a respectful enquirer: "Yes, I suppose we certainly had what people call a *salon*, but what we piqued ourselves most upon was that it never led to a *salle-à-manger*."

It is a received fact that people cannot eat and talk comfortably at the same time, and the superiority of the wit and the conversation of those bygone educated tea-tables to that of the more formal dinner-tables may be easily explained. Our generation writes when it wishes to be heard; theirs wrote less, talked more, and more to the point; they read more thoroughly their own books and not Mudie's only; people, having fewer acquaintances, gave themselves more to their friends.

The two Miss Horace Smiths in their little Brighton world were doing something of what the Miss Berrys—Horace Smith's strawberries, as he loved to call them—were doing in the quiet house in May Fair, where the light over the doorway meant that the ladies were at home and ready to receive good company in the unpretentious gray rooms. The pretty little house in Silliwood Place was always lighted up with friendly welcome.

#### IV

Miss Horace Smith once told me a story. It was long and complicated,

but she assured me she had told it my father just before he wrote "Pendennis," and that it had partly suggested the opening chapters. It concerned a family living in Brighton, somewhere near Kemp Town. There was a somewhat autocratic father and a romantic young son who had lost his heart to the housemaid and determined to marry her. The father made the young man give his word of honor that he would not marry clandestinely, and then having dismissed him rang the bell for the butler. To the butler this Major Pendennis said: "James" (or whatever his name was), "I wish you to retire from my service, but I will give you £200 worth of bank-notes if you will marry the housemaid before 12 o'clock to-morrow." The butler said, "Certainly, sir," and the young man next morning was told of the event which had occurred. As far as I remember a melancholy and sensational event immediately followed; for the poor young fellow was so overwhelmed that he rushed out and distractedly blew his brains out on the Downs behind the house, and the butler meanwhile, having changed his £200, sent a message to say that he had omitted to mention that he had a wife already, and that this would doubtless invalidate the ceremony he had just gone through with the housemaid.

But Tizey's *forte* was not as a *raconteuse*. She had too much rapid wit, and shall I say too much active good sense; she could not dwell gently and suggestively on the forerunning facts and indications which go to make a story seem real, and to place it before the hearer. It was as a cheerful and witty commentator upon the daily story of life that she was remarkable. She had plenty of prejudices, good old conservative prejudices; she did not at all believe that all men were equal in the eyes of Heaven; she would sweep away a whole terrace-full of respectable persons from her door with old-fashioned spirit and decision. Some one once recommended a parlormaid to her when she was long past eighty. "Your girl came; I sent her away at once," she said; "she wore

spectacles. Imagine what would be thought if I allowed a woman in spectacles to open the door. People would imagine I was at my last gasp."

It cannot be denied that sisters make charming hostesses, wherever one finds them keeping house together and hospitably inclined. For one thing, it is a gain to have two hostesses instead of one, and sisters are accustomed to one another and can understand each other without a word and instinctively feel what is going on: they can talk to-

gether of quite different things and yet keep tune. Many a sisterly shrine must occur to each one of us, with warming hearth and pleasant words of welcome. It matters not whether it is in Brighton or in London, past or present; or in murky Manchester or on a Cornish crag, or by some distant Cumberland lakeside; one always seems to be at ease where reflected kindness lights up the friendly hours of companionship and rest.



II

LETTER XII

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

What mental blindness led me to give you such a book? What demon of perversity tempted you to send me such a review of Miss Addams's Hull-House heresies? You know my abhorrence of our "kind-hearted materialism" (so you call it), yet you calmly write me a long panegyric on this last outbreak of humanitarian unrighteousness — unrighteousness, I say, vaunting materialism, undisciplined feminism, everything that denotes moral delinquency. Of course I see the good, even the wise, things that are in the book, but why did n't you expose the serpent that lurks under the flowers?

As a matter of fact what is good in the book is old, what is bad is new. Do you suppose that this love of humanity which has practically grown

into the religion of men,—do you suppose that this was not known to the world before? The necessity of union and social adhesion was seen clearly enough in the Middle Ages. The notion that morality, in its lower working at least, is dependent on a man's relation to the community, was the basis of Aristotle's Ethics, who made of it a catchword with his *politikon zoon* (your father will translate it for you as "a political animal"). The "social compunction" is as ancient as the heart of man. How could we live peacefully in the world without it? Literature has reflected its existence in a thousand different ways. Here and there it will be found touched with that sense of universal pity which we look upon as a peculiar mark of its present manifestation. In that most perfect of all Latin passages does not Virgil call his countryman blessed because he is not tortured by beholding the poverty of the city—

neque ille

Aut doluit miserans inopem, aut invidit habenti?

And is not the "Æneid" surcharged with pitying love for mankind, "the sense of tears in mortal things," to use Matthew Arnold's paraphrase? So the life and words of St. Francis of Assisi are full of the breath of brotherly love—not brotherhood with all men merely, but with the swallows and the coneys, the flowers, and even the inanimate things of nature. And the letters of St. Catherine of Siena are aflame with passionate love of suffering men.

But there is something deplorably new in these more modern books, something which makes of humanitarianism a cloak for what is most lax and materialistic in the age. I mean their false emphasis, their neglect of the individual soul's responsibility to itself, their setting up of human love in a shrine where hitherto we worshipped the image of God, their limiting of morality and religion to altruism. I deny flatly that "Democracy . . . affords a rule of living as well as a test of faith," as Miss Addams says; I deny that "to attain individual morality in an age demanding social morality, to pride one's self on the results of personal effort when the time demands social adjustment, is utterly to fail to apprehend the situation"; I say we do *not* "know, at last, that we can only discover truth by a rational and democratic interest in life." Why did you quote these sentences with approval? There is no distinction between individual and social morality, or, if there is, the order is quite the other way. All this democratic sympathy and social hysteria is merely the rumor in the lower rooms of our existence. Still to-day, as always, in the upper chamber, looking out on the sky, dwells the solitary soul, concerned with herself and her God. She passes down now and again into the noise and constant coming and going of the lower rooms to speak a word of encouragement or admonition, but she returns soon to her own silence and her own contemplation. The heart of a St. Anthony in the desert of Egypt, the heart of many a lonely Hindu sage knows a divine joy of communication of which Hull House with its human sympathies has

no conception. Morality is the soul's debt to herself.

It is a striking and significant fact that these humanitarians are continually breaking the simplest rules of honesty and decent living. Rousseau, the father of them all, sending his children (the children of his body, I mean) to the foundling asylum, is a notorious example of this; and John Howard is another. I have in my own experience found these people impossible to live with.

Let me illustrate this tendency to forget the common laws of personal integrity by allusion to a novel which comes from another college-settlement source. It is a story called, I think, "The Burden of Christopher," published three or four years ago,—a clever book withal and rather well written. The plot is simple. A young man, just out of college, inherits a shoe factory which, being imbued with college-settlement sentimentalism, he attempts to operate in accordance with the new religion. Business is dull and he is hard-pressed by competitive houses. An old lady has placed her little fortune in his hands to be held in trust for her. To prevent the closing down of his factory and the consequent distress of his people, he appropriates this trust money for his business. In the end he fails, the crash comes, and, as I recollect it, he commits suicide. All well and good; but in a paragraph toward the end of the book, indeed by the whole trend of the story, we discover that the humanitarian sympathy which led the hero to sacrifice his individual integrity for the weal of his work-people is a higher law in the author's estimation than the old moral sense which would have made his personal integrity of the first importance to himself and to the world.

I submit to you, my dear reviewer, that such notions are subversive of righteousness and are in fact the poisonous fruit of an era which has lost all hold on any ideal outside of material well-being. For that reason when I read in Miss Addams's book such words as these, "Evil does not shock us as it once did," I am filled with anger. I



wonder at the blindness of the age when I read further such a perversion of truth as this: "We have learned since that time to measure by other standards, and have ceased to accord to the money-earning capacity exclusive respect."—Have we?

## LETTER XIII

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

I am troubled lest the letter I wrote yesterday should have seemed to breathe more of personal bitterness than of philosophic judgment. Did I make clear that my hostility to modern humanitarianism is not due to any contempt for charity or for the desire of universal justice? I dislike and distrust it for its false emphasis and for its perversion of morality—and the two faults are practically one.

Last night I was reading in "Piers Plowman" and came upon a passage which exactly illustrates what I mean. The old Monk of Malvern might be called the very fountain-head in English letters of that stream of human brotherhood which has at last spread out into the stagnant pool of humanitarianism. He wrote when the rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw was fermenting, when the people were beginning to cry out for their rights, and his vision is instinct with the finest spirit of love for the downtrodden and fellowship with the humble. Yet never once does his compassion or indignation lead him to neglect spiritual things for material. Let me copy out a few of his lines on "Poverty":

And alle the wise that evere were,  
By aught I kan aspye,  
Preiseden poverté for best lif,  
If pacience it folwed,  
And bothe bettre and blesseder  
By many fold than richesse.  
For though it be sour to suffre,  
Therafter cometh swete;  
As on a walnote withoute  
Is a bitter barke,  
And after that bitter bark,  
Be the shelle awaye,  
Is a kernel of confort

Kynde to restore.

So is after poverté or penaunce  
Paciently y-take;  
For it maketh a man to have mynde  
In God, and a gret wille  
To wepe and to wel bidde,  
Whereof wexeth mercy,  
Of which Christ is a kernelle  
To conforte the soule.

Imagine, if you can, such a speech in the precincts of Hull House! I am not concerned to exalt poverty, I know how much suffering it creates in the world; and yet I say that an age to which poverty is only a degradation without any possible spiritual compensation, is an age of materialism. I wish I might follow the use of the word *comfort* from its early nobility as you see it here down to its modern degeneracy, where it signifies the mere satisfaction of the body. The history of that word would be an eloquent sermon. Have I made myself clear? Do you understand what I mean by the false emphasis of our humanitarianism? And do you see why I could not stomach your review of Miss Addams's book?—I am sending by express several novels, among them. . . .

## LETTER XIV

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

Here in the South we are born into our traditions and we generally die by them. We never encourage the mental extravagance of adding new dimensions to our minds. When you have had an hour's conversation with any of us, or have exchanged three letters, you can be comfortably sure of what we think on any subject under the sun. Thus, you see, I was wholly unprepared for the point of view expressed in your last two letters. I thought you were a gentle disciple,—following the lights behind us indeed; but I did not suspect that you were bent upon this journey through the dust of centuries with the temper of a modern savage.

However, it seems a man must have either ass's ears or a cloven foot; and,



soon or late, most of us expect to find our hero in Bottom's predicament. But I would rather have acknowledged the beam in my own eye than have discovered this diabolical split in your heel. All my life I have been familiar with the inhumanity of the merely spiritually minded. And I think it was because your own spirit was not denominational, nor fitted to any dogma of my acquaintance, that I trusted it. But really, the product is always the same. And I begin to wonder if there is not something fundamentally cruel in the law that governs soul-life. No matter what the age or the color of the doctrine is, those most highly developed in this way generally show a *conscientious selfishness* that is dehumanizing. They have no tender sense of touch, their relation to the world about them is obtuse; and for this reason, I think they excite aversion in normally minded people.

I leave you, my dear sir, to "expose the serpent lurking under the flowers." For my part, I believe humanitarianism is the better part of any religion. And while my knowledge of social orders does not reach so far back into the grave-dust of the past, I am unwilling to agree with you that it is "coeval with human nature." But it is one of the ends toward which all religions must tend,—for if a man love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?—But I forget! Love is not essential to your sort of Nirvana mysticism. In you, spirituality is a sort of cruel aspiration toward personal perfection. Still, that little scripture represents the advance made by this modern religion of Christianity over your Hindu theosophy.

Do you know, I think a man's religious philosophy ought to fit him particularly for his present environment of earth and flesh. One cannot tell so much about the life after death. It may be necessary to make us over in the twinkling of an eye, and even to change the very direction of all spirit life in us. But here, we know accurately what the needs are; and any sort of wisdom that fails to provide us

with the right way of dealing with one another is defective. Thus your Buddhism seems to me more mesmeric than satisfying. It is a way men have of murdering themselves, while continuing to live, into peace and oblivion. There is a surrender, a negation of life, a denial of total responsibilities, or human obligations, which to my mind indicates a monstrous selfishness, none the less real because its manifestations are passive and dignified by a philosophic pose. You see I am reading your last two letters by the light of certain earlier confessions.

And again I do not think you can fairly complain of humanitarianism because in some books "it is synonymous with all that is lax and materialistic in the age." The author of a novel is never so concerned to tell the truth as he is to exploit and illustrate an interesting theory. You have no right to expect gospel from literary mountebanks. Nor can you judge the integrity of it by such disciples as Rousseau. Rousseau was a decadent soul fascinated by the contemplation of his own depravity. The scriptures of such a Solomon, however true in theory, are neither honest nor effective. But as a final climax of your argument, you declare that in your "own experience" you have found these humanitarians "impossible to live with." I do not wonder at that. A question far more to the point is, Did they find *you* impossible to live with? Come to think of it, I would rather live with a humanitarian, myself, even if his soul was carnally bow-legged. But my sort of charity is so perverse, so awry with humor, that the constant contemplation of a man trying to wriggle out of the flesh through some spiritual key-hole, made by his own imagination, into a form of existence much higher than agreeable, would be, to say the least of it, diverting.

You copy several sentences from the Hull-House book in your letter and cry to me in an accusing voice to know why I quoted them in my review "with approval." Suppose I did not comprehend their important relation to the subject from your point of view? But I do understand enough to know that

the "social compunction" in Aristotle's day was a mere theory, a sublime doctrine practised by a few. Now it is a great governing principle, a dynamic power in the social order of mankind. And I challenge your accuracy in calling such "social sympathy" "only a rumor in the lower rooms of our existence." My notion is that the choir voice of it has already reached that grand third story of yours, and that the "solitary soul" in the "upper chamber" will presently find herself along with other traditions—in the attic! Oh, I know your sort! You stay in your upper chamber as long as atmospheric conditions make it comfortable. But before this time I have known you to sneak down into those same "lower rooms" to warm yourself by humanitarian hearthstones. And that you are not nearly so immortal as you think you are is proved by these winter chills along the spine. There come occasions when you get tired of your own stars and long to feel the thrill of that royal life-blood that leaps like a ruby river of love through the grimy, toiling, battling humanitarian world beneath you. Did you once intimate to me that if ever I conjured you out of the shadows which seem to surround you, I should be horrified at the vision? Well, I am!

## LETTER XV

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

Many thanks for this copy of your book, "The Forest Philosophers of India." I have just finished reading it, and now I understand you better. Your sense of reality has been destroyed by this mysticism of the East. The normal man has a more materialistic consciousness. But having lost that, your very spirit has dissolved into these strange illuminations which you call thought, but which I fear are only the ghostly rays of a Nirvana intelligence. With you life is but a breath without form, a whisper out of your long eternity. And I confess that to me the impression of a man not being

at home in his own body is nothing short of terrifying.

You were not expecting so fierce a criticism of your own book from one of your own reviewers, I suspect.

## LETTER XVI

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

So your servant has a cloven hoof and just escapes the adornment of ass's ears! Dear, dear, what a temper! But, jesting aside, you must not suppose I abhor the cant of humanitarianism from any thin-blooded selfishness or outworn apathy. Have I not made this clear to you? It is the negative side of humanitarianism (the word itself is an offence!), and not its portion of human love that vexes my soul.

Through one of the crooked streets not far from Park Row that wind out from under the grim arches of the Brooklyn Bridge, I often pass on business. Here on the step at the entrance to a noisome court, where Heaven knows how many families huddle together behind the walls of these monstrous printing houses, there sits day after day a child, a little pale, peaked boy, who seems to belong to no one and to have nothing to do—sits staring out into the filthy street with silent, wistful eyes. There is only misery and endurance on his face, with some wan reflection of strange dreams smothered in his heart. He sits there, waiting and watching, and no man knows what world-old philosophy comforts his weary brain. The face haunts me; I see it at times in my working hours; it peers at me often from the surging night throngs of upper Broadway; it passes dimly across my vision before I fall asleep. It has become a symbol to me of the long agony of human history. Because I know the misery of that face and the evil that has produced it, because I know that misery has been in the world from the beginning and shall endure to the end, and because my heart is sickened at the thought,—that is why I rebel so bitterly against a doctrine that turns away from

all spiritual consolation for some vainly builded hope of a socialistic paradise on this earth. I have heard one of these humanitarians avow that he and practically all his friends were materialists, and such they are even when they will not admit it. Dear girl, believe me, I have lived over in my mind and suffered in my heart the long toil and agony which the human race has undergone in its effort to wrest some assurance of spiritual joy and peace from these clouds of illusion about us; I have read and felt what the Hindu ascetic has written of lonely conflict in the wilderness; I have heard the Greek philosophers reason their way to faith; I have comprehended the ecstasy of the early Christians; I have taken sides in the high warfare of mediæval realists against the cheap victory of nominalism. I know that the word of deliverance has been spoken by all these and that it is always the same word. And now come these humanitarians, with their starved imaginations, who in practice if not in speech deny all the spiritual insight of the race and seek to lower the ideal of mankind to their fools' commonwealth of comfort in this world. Because I revolt from this false and canting conception of brotherly love, am I therefore devoted to "conscientious selfishness"? Ah, I beg you to revise your reading of this book of my heart, and to remodel your criticism.

But I am saying not a word of what is most in my thoughts. In two days I shall set out for a trip to the South which will bring me to Morningtown. Will you turn away in horror if you see a wretched creature hobbling with cloven hoof up the scented lane of your village? For sweet charity's sake, for your own sweeter sake, believe that his heart is full of love however wrong his mind may be.

## LETTER XVII

(Philip to Jessica. Written after returning from Morningtown)

MY DEAR MISS DOANE:

It is all different and the morning has forgotten to return since I left you

where your village meets the great world. Have you kept God's common dayspring imprisoned among your garden trees and flowers? What shall I say? What shall I not say? Only this, that I gave my happiness into your hands and you have broken it and let it drop to the ground. See what a shipwreck I have suffered of all my dreams. These long years of solitary reading and study I have been gathering up in my imagination the passions and joys and hopes of a thousand dead lovers,—the longing of Menelaus for Helen, the outcry of Catullus for Lesbia, the worship of Dante for Beatrice—all these I have made my own, believing that some day my love of a woman should be rendered fair in her eyes by these borrowed colors; and now I have failed and lost; and what I would give, you have accounted as light and insufficient. Is there no speech left to tell you all the truth? I am a little bewildered, and have not been able to pluck up heart of courage. Write me some word of familiar consolation; do not quite shut the door upon me until my eyes grow accustomed to this darkness. All the light is with you, and the beauty that God has given the world, all the meaning of human life,—and I turn my back on this and go out into the night alone. Dear girl, I would not utter a word of reproach. I know that my love, which seemed to me so good, may be as nothing to you, is indeed not worthy of you, for you are more than all my dreams—and yet it was all that I had. I shall learn perhaps to write to you as a mere reviewer of books;—the irony of it.

## LETTER XVIII

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

Can you believe it? I was absurdly glad to receive your letter this morning. Ever since you went away I have felt so brave and desolate—like a poor dryad who has fought her way out of her own little kingdom of love and peace and green silence, for the sake of

a foreign ideal which really belongs to the world at large. (I should n't wonder if I did become a deaconess after all!) In my effort to escape a romantic sacrifice to a strange heathen divinity, I find myself *offered* upon this common altar in the name of a theory, Humanitarianism. My smoke arises. I have been consumed, and now I write you merely in the spirit,—you see I am learning *your* incantations.

But being disembodied, I may at least be truthful. Besides, it is sometimes wiser to make long-distance confessions than to tell the truth face to face. Then listen, dear heart, it was not Philip, but poor Jessica who was vanquished that day as we walked through the lanes and fields around Morningtown. I do not know how to tell you, but of a sudden I am becoming learned in all the joys and griefs of this world. There is a sweetheart reason for them all, lying buried somewhere. For love is nature's vocation in us, I think. We cannot escape it. Our vision is already love-lit when the prince comes. All he needs do is to step within the radiant circle. Oh, my heart, is it not terrible when you think of it, that we may keep our wills, but our hearts we cannot keep! They go from us happy pilgrims, and return unto us old and gray, sometimes lost and forsaken.

You came so fast upon the heels of your other letter that I did not have time to put on my shield and buckler before you were here in the flesh, formidable, real, cloven hoof and all! I was frightened and militant,—frightened lest you should win from me the freedom of my heart, militant for the freedom of my will. Well, at least I kept the latter, but I can tell you, it is making a poor bag-pipe tune of the victory. When I went down to you that first evening, it was like going to meet an enemy, dear and terrible. I was divided between two impulses, both equally savage, I think, either to stab or to fall upon your breast and weep. But you will bear me witness that my greeting in reality was conventionally awkward. In any case, your eyes would have saved me. They are

wide and deep, and as you stood here by the window where I am writing now, with both my hands clasped in yours, I saw a bright beam leap up far within them like candles suddenly lighted in an open grave. You had not come merely to make peace with me, you had my capitulation ready, but I knew then I should never sign. Let the dead bury their dead; as for me, am I too much alive to die long and amicably with any ghost of a philosopher in the "upper chamber." I do not even belong in the "lower rooms," but outside under the skies of our ever green world. I have already determined that if there is nothing going on in Heaven when I am translated thither, I will ask to be changed into a wreath of golden butterflies with permission to follow spring round and round the earth.

And that brings me to another part of my confession. You know that I do not really know *you*, only your mind. The time I saw you in New York does not count. For upon that occasion we only ran an editorial handicap just to try each other's intellectual paces, did we not? But when you ventured boldly down here upon my own heath—oh! that was a different matter. I meant to be as brave as a Douglas in his hall. You should not ride across my drawbridge and away again till I knew *you*. Well, you know the dull usual way of discovering what and who a stranger is, by asking his opinions or by classifying his face and expression according to biological records. Now, a man's features are only his great-grand somebody's modified or intensified, and his opinions, as in your case, may not represent him but his mental fallacies. So I invented a test of my own. I tried a man by a jury of my trees, not your peers exactly, but friends of mine who have become to me strong standards of excellence and virtue and repose in human nature. Dear Enemy, I coaxed you into my little heart-shaped forest, which you remember lies like a big lover's wreath on the Morningtown road beyond my father's church. And behold! It was as if we had come home together. We touched hands with the green



boughs in friendly greeting. There was nothing to be said, no place now for a difference between us. For the rights and wrongs of the world did not reach beyond the shady rim of the silence there. Goodness and fidelity was the ground we trod upon, and we were native to it. Yet it was the first time I ever entered a little into sympathy with the exalted cruelty of your spiritual nature. For in the forest, ever present, is the intimation of Nature's indifference to pain. There is no charity in a commonwealth of trees. They live, decay, and die, and there is no sign of compassion anywhere. It is terrible, but there is a Spartan beauty in the fact.

But suddenly, as we sat there in the sweet green twilight, the thought pierced me like a pang that after all you are more nearly related to the life of the forest than I am. I merely love it, but you are like it in the cold, ruthless, upward aspiration of your soul. I long for a word with the trees, but you are so near and kin that your silence is speech. And then I asked myself this question: "What is the good, where is the wisdom in loving a tree-man, who may shelter you, but never can be like you in life or love?" Always his arms are stretched upward to the heavens in a prayer to be nearer to the light. He is a sort of divine savage who cannot remember the earth heart that may love and die beneath him like the leaves upon the ground. Thus we came out of the wood, you who are made so that you can never really understand what you had lost, and I, with all my will in my wings, and stronger for the loss of my heart. Some day, perhaps, if I keep the wings, it will return, a little withered, but sound as a brownie's. Then, dear man of the trees, I shall bury it here in the forest like a precious seed. Who knows what it may come to be, my poor heart that was dead and shall live again,—a tall lady-tree as heartless as any man-oak, or only a poor vine!

#### LETTER XIX

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. TOWERS:

Imagine if you can the moral perversity

of a young woman who never regrets a witty deception or a graceful subterfuge, but repents sometimes in sackcloth and ashes for her truth telling. I'd give half my forest now to have back the letter I sent you yesterday. But since I cannot recall it, I wish you to bear in mind that what was true of a woman's heart yesterday, to-day may be only a little breach of sentiment with which to reproach her prudence. We are never lastingly true. The best you can expect is that we be generally true to the mood we are in.

When you were here, I could not beguile you into a discussion of the subject upon which we differ so widely. Pardon the malicious reference, but it seemed to me that you had closed the door of your "upper chamber" and hastened down here to confess your own reality. And no challenge, however ingenious, could provoke you into displaying the cloven hoof of your "higher nature." When my father, for instance, who has long suspected the soundness of your doctrines, laid down one of his lurid hell-fire premises as an active reason for seeking salvation, I observed that you showed the agility of a spiritual acrobat in avoiding the conflict.

Nevertheless, I return to the point of divergence between us. You are angry with the humanitarians for their materialism. But you forget who the Hull-House classes are,—people so poor and starved and cold that their very souls have perished. You cannot teach your little goblin-faced boy who sits under the bridge the philosophy of the Hindu ascetic until you have fed and vitalized him, and stretched his poor withered imagination across the fair fields of youth's summer years. Believe me, the humanitarian's calling seems stupid from your point of view because you are born five hundred years before your time. When the Hull-House principles have abolished the poor and the rich, and have transplanted the whole human race far and wide over the hills and valleys of this earth, then will be time enough for the spiritual luxury of such teachings as yours.

The last batch of books has come, Creelman's novel, "Eagle Blood," among them. Evidently it is a story written to prove the intellectual and commercial ascendancy of Americans over mere Anglo-Saxons. The heroine and a few romantic details are thrown in as a bait to the "average reader." Alas for the "average reader"! How many crimes of this sort are committed in his name! We can never hope to have a worthy literature until he has been eliminated from the consciousness of those who make it. In the days when he was not to be reckoned with, and men wrote for a very few appreciative admirers and some desperately cruel critics, then Carlyle began to swear at his "forty-million fool," and so attracted their attention, and ever since we have had them with us, forty million average readers, calling for excitement and amusement. It is this same "forty-million fool" who has made historical romances an inexhaustible source of revenue to the writers of them. For he is naïve, and has never suspected the real dime-novel character of such fiction. Can you not get some one to write an article outlining a plan by which the "average reader" may be abolished?

## LETTER XX

(Philip to Jessica)

DEAR JESSICA:

I will not for any consideration of custom put such a breach between my dreams and reality as to go on addressing you in the old formal way. It will be idle to protest; I have bought the privilege with a great price; nay, I have even bought you, and no outcry of your rebel will shall ever redeem you from this bondage to my hopes. One thing I know: there is no power in all the world equal to love, and he who has this power may win through every opposition. And was ever a man in such a position as mine? Others have been compelled to overcome a prejudice against what was base or unworthy in themselves, but I am forced to defend myself for my best heritage of

understanding. Would it help me in your esteem if I flung away all my hard-won philosophy and ranged myself with the sentimentalists of the day? I will not believe it. I will fight this upstart folly while breath is in me, and I will teach you to fight it with me. This morning I took that poor book of Miss Addams's and, in place of what you sent me, wrote such a review as will quite astound the "forty-million fool" you so despise—we agree there, at least. And all the while I was writing, I kept saying to myself, How will Jessica answer that? and, Will not Jessica believe now that my hatred of humanitarianism does not spring from selfishness or contempt, but from sympathy for mankind?

Yet if anything could bring me to hate my brothers it would be this monstrous certainty that my feeling towards them stands in the way of the one supreme, all-destroying desire of my heart. I could cry out in the words of the "Imitation": "As often as I have gone among men, I have returned less a man"; for their foolish chatter has stolen from me the possession without which we are dwarfed and marred in our being. Your love is more to me than all the hopes of men. You must hearken to me. I have charged the winds with my passion; the scent of flowers shall tell you the sweetness of love; you shall not walk among your beloved trees but their whispering shall repeat the words they heard me speak. I will wrap you about with fancies and dreams and passionate thoughts till no way of escape is left you. You shall not read a book but some word of mine shall come between your eyes and the printed page. You shall not hear a simple song but you shall remember that music is the voice of love. You think that I have no heart for the many and can therefore have no heart for one. Dear girl, my love is so great that it has made me stronger a thousand times than you; there is no escape for you.

As I passed the little Goblin boy this morning I dropped a coin in his hand and said: "It is from a lady in Georgia who loves you." His face lighted up

with surprise at the words (not at the money, for I have given him that before), and I was glad to extend the benediction of your sweetness a little farther in the world. Believe me, I am not so foolish as to despise charity or true efforts to increase the comfort of the poor; but I know that poverty and pain and wretchedness can never be driven from the world by any besom of the law, and I do see that humanitarianism, sprung as it is from materialism and sentimentalism (what a demonic crew of isms!) has bartered away the one valid consolation of mankind for an impossible hope that begets only discontent and mutual hatred among men. They are the followers of Simon Magus, these humanitarians; they would buy the gifts of Heaven with a price; and their creed is the real Simonism. Have you ever read the "Imitation," and do you remember its wisdom?

For though I alone possessed all the comforts of the world and might enjoy all the delights thereof, yet it is certain that they could endure but a little.

Wherefore, O my soul, thou canst not be fully comforted, nor be perfectly refreshed, save in God, the comforter of the poor and the helper of the humble. . . .

Let temporal things be for use, but set thy desire on the eternal. . . .

Man draweth nearer to God so as he departeth further from all earthly comfort.

You have taught me to love, dear heart; and now, as you see, you are teaching me to be orthodox. Do not think I shall give you up; there is only one power greater than my desire, and that is Death. I would not end with so ill-omened a word, but rather with your own sweet name, Jessica.

#### LETTER XXI

(Jessica to Philip)

#### DEAR FATHER CONFESSOR:

You observe, I do not retaliate by addressing you as "Dear Philip." After reflecting, I conclude that this would be an undue concession to make, while the above title removes you to a safer sphere. It limits and qualifies your relationship and at the same time

affords me the happy advantage of confessing my heart to you. Really, I have always felt the need of such an officer in my spiritual kingdom. I could never reconcile myself to the incongruity of confessing in our experience meetings. It seemed to me that sharing my confidence with so many people was heterodox to nature itself. For this reason I have always thought that while Protestantism is based upon a nobler theory of the truth, Roman Catholicism is founded upon a much shrewder knowledge of human nature.

However, I do not come seeking absolution for any sins. Such shortcomings as I have are so personal, so really a part of dear me, that I should scarcely be complete without them. They are vixenish plagues of character that distinguish me from more conventional saints. But now that I have willed myself away from you, I need no longer conceal my heart. My love has been shriven, and, like a little white ghost out of heaven, must hark back to you occasionally for a blessing.

To begin with, then, when your letter came this morning, I took just a peep inside to see if it was good, and then hurried away to our forest to enjoy it, for I always feel more at home with you there. And although the season is so far advanced that the whole earth is chilled and desolate, my heart was like the springtide, swelling with gladness. Joy reached to my vagabond heels, and I had much ado to maintain the resignation gait of a minister's daughter through the village streets. And once out of sight I kissed my hand quickly over my shoulder till my face burned. For had you not promised to attend me? "I will wrap you about with fancies and dreams," you said. I was like a young-lady comet drawing after me a luminous trail of love. I begin to comprehend the advantages of my position, to rejoice in my sacrifice. I caught the finer aspiration of love, like one who lays down his life and finds it again in nobler forms. Brave, good Father, this thing that you have revealed to me is like a sweet eternity. It neither begins nor ends: only we do

that. When our time comes we are swept into the current of it, happy, predestined atoms, and afterwards we are lost out of it like the leaves on the trees. But love is like the wind in their branches; it never is gone. So it seems to me now when all my heart's leaves are stirred to gladness by the dear gale of love.

But do not despise me, O sage in the upper chamber, for my selfishness. I keep far to the windward of you because I was made for love, not for sacrifice. The altar of your soul life is very fine, very beautiful, but I am too much alive to be offered up on such a tablet. Suppose I trusted you, gave myself with my heart, and in after years you should fall upon the idea of expurgating all sensations, all heresies, all affections from your life as the Brahmins do, what then would become of poor Jessica? I should sit upon your altar like a withered fairy, casting dust over my unhallowed head and calling down goblin curses upon you. Ah me! when I come upon a splendid man statue that suddenly glows into living heart and flesh, I may wonder and love, but I should never trust myself in the arms of that phenomenon, lest, being clasped there, he should as suddenly turn back to his native stone and freeze the life in me!

Have you noticed that I tell you nothing of the village life here, the little church sociables and a thousand commonplace details that go to make up the sum of existence amid such surroundings? It is because I do not really live among them. My mind is alien to these narrow margins of society and religion. But it is always of the little forest that I tell you, as if that were my real home, as indeed it is. And it is the dearer to me now that we have walked through it together. So in each letter you may expect a report of how things go there. This morning, as I looked about at the sober ground covered thick with dying leaves, I thought of what a gallant display of autumnal colors we had on that day. Our little friends of the summer time are flitting here and there through the naked branches in silent confusion.

There are no green boughs behind which to conceal their orchestral moods. Besides, their inspiration is gone, their singing hearts are benumbed by the cold. But for your letter thrust somewhere I could not have escaped the ghost of sadness that seemed to haunt the earth and sky. Suddenly, as I stood in the midst of it all, a cardinal flashed like a red spark into a tall pine, fluffed out his breast, and swept the forest with a defiant note of melody. It was a challenge to the long winter time, a prophecy of spring and of high green trees, and of a mate cloistered now far away in the wilderness: "You shall not hear a simple song, but you shall remember that music is the voice of love," whispered the letter against my heart. What a brave thing is life when we have love and the hope of spring latent in us! I admit, as I listened to the little red troubadour of the pine, that, had you been as near as the dreams and fancies that wrapped me about, this fight in me for freedom would have been at an end. Do not trust these feeble moods of mine, however; not one of them would last half the length of time you would take to make the journey from New York to Morningtown!

So! you have written such a review of Miss Addams's book as will astonish the "average reader," and all the while you wondered: "How will Jessica answer that?" Abridged, this is her opinion: That an editor should be careful how he kicks his heels at the spirit of his age. The world has an ancient and effective way of dealing with such heroes.

No, I am not familiar with the "Imitation." But I gather from the passages you quote that it is a spiritual exercise prepared for those who "possess all the comforts of this life," and are weary enough of them to pass on to the philosophy of renunciation. But you should remember that the Hull-House classes have not had the necessary experience with comforts. Renunciation is impossible for them, for they have nothing to give up. . . . My love to the little Goblin boy.



## LETTER XXII

(Philip to Jessica)

MY DEAR JESSICA:

Did ever "Father Confessor" have so sweet and so wilful a sinner to shrive! Your only sin is that you love me, and do you think I shall grant absolution for that? As I read your letter with its wayward confession, it seemed to me indeed that I was in some temple of the gods instead of this book-littered den, and the rumble of the street was transfigured into the sound of triumphant music. And all the while the voice of the little penitent, hidden from my eyes, but almost within reach of my breath, murmured in my ears: "I love you, I love you, and that is my sin." Dear girl, when you have given me your heart, do you suppose I shall be slow to confiscate your will? It is not lawful that a man's, or a woman's, heart and will should be at enmity with each other. I know that your will is strong, but I know, too, that your heart is stronger. Why did you turn me away without one word of hope or consolation when I visited you in Morningtown? Out of the great store of happiness that God has given you, could you not spare one little morsel? Ah, I would not offer you up a sacrifice on the altar of any spiritual creed, but take you with me into that upper chamber that looks toward the golden sunrise. I would share your happiness and give you in return a portion in the hope that I too have found. With you at my side I could walk through the world (for I am not such a recluse as you might suppose), knowing that the desire of all men's hearts had fallen to me, and that my life was consecrated henceforth to noble uses. And yet to-day I am very sad.

Let me tell you a little story of the way your admired Simonians act when their general promulgations of brotherhood are brought to an individual test. Our proprietor and manager, a smooth-faced, meek-eyed Jew, who has made himself right with this world, at least, is much concerned with charities and civic meetings and reform clubs and

progress societies and the preaching of universal democracy, and all that,—a veritable Pharisee among the humanitarians. He often asks me to give a good word to some Simoniacal book. Well, I have a poor broken-down Irishman named O'Meara, who reviews a certain class of publications for me. He is the kind of man you would never expect to meet in this country: a relic of eighteenth-century Grub Street,—a man who reads Latin and Greek, who can quote pages of the Fathers, who has a high ideal of literature and a conscience in writing, and withal a victim to the demon whiskey that has dragged him down to the very gutter. His life has been a mystery to me, and some feeling of shame has kept him from ever telling me where and how he lives. At intervals he comes shuffling into my office, with bleared eyes and palsied hand, and for charity's sake I give him a book to review,—and not exactly for charity either, for he does his work well. Two or three weeks ago our Simoniacal manager came into my office and asked me who that tramp was whom he had seen several times go away with books. I told him the whole story, thinking to arouse his sympathy. What was my surprise when he broke out into a mild stream of abuse—the more startling because he ordinarily says so little—against allowing such besotted tramps to come into the offices! When a man drank himself into such a state as that there was no doing anything with him, etc. O'Meara came back in a day or two with his "copy," and I told him that the chief had ordered me to cut him off. Poor wretch! he said never a word for himself, but turned and shuffled guiltily out of the room—I shall never forget the sound of his trailing, despondent feet.

I heard no more from him until yesterday, when the office boy came in and told me a beggar child insisted on seeing me. What was my astonishment when it proved to be our Goblin boy, who had been sent to ask me to come to his father; and his father was O'Meara! It all seemed as unsubstantial as a dream. I went with the child,

of course. He guided me through the dark entry where I had seen him so often, in behind a great printing house, to a foul court hidden away from the street like some criminal outlaw. I will not try to describe the noisomeness of that reeking hole. I found O'Meara lying on a heap of sacks in a mouldering closet which was entirely dark save for what little light came through the doorway. Darkness, indeed, was his only comfort. He would not shake hands with me, for he has, withal, the instincts of a gentleman, and it seemed as if the shame of his whole degraded life lay with him before me in his misery. His tragedy will have been played out in a day or two, I think; and I wish the memory of it might also pass from my mind. What shall I do with the Goblin boy? The hatefulness of it all stands between me and my thoughts of you. I cannot harden myself yet for a while to dream of pure beauty. I read your letter over and over, but its sweet medication cannot purge my heart. Not even the acknowledgment of your love can drown these sighs I have heard.

## LETTER XXIII

(Jessica to Philip)

MY DEAR MR. PHILIP TOWERS:

You lack the proper ethical pose of a Father Confessor. I have excommunicated you. The charge against you is that you take an audacious advantage of the confessional, not to bless me, but to rejoice in my romantic vagrancy. For a man giving himself airs in the "upper chamber," you have very human ways, and I begin to suspect you only keep your creed and philosophy up there.

But you are greatly mistaken if you think you can ever wheedle me into such a "sunrise" attic. I can be domesticated, but not etherealized. And you hold strange doctrines for an ascetic. You think that because I love it will be easy to "confiscate" my will. Even I know better than that. We live to conquer our hearts. There is no freedom of mind and spirit till that decisive battle has been fought and

won. My heart is a gay vagabond, ready to dance before the door of your tent, but my will is better disciplined. It weighs and counts the costs and rejects this sentimental bargain, because, O Stranger to my soul, I doubt if you can pay the interest love demands upon so large an investment. There is not enough of you; and your capital consists in something less vital, —in wind-cooled philosophies, and the passions of an occult spirit ever ready to escape into mysticism. Why will you not be content with a companionship on this basis? You keep your wings and you wish mine also. Well, you shall not have them! I have no disposition to simulate the example of those small insects who come out in early spring with splendid wings, make one flight far enough through the sunlight to lose them, and crawl all the remainder of their days in the domestic dust of their little tenements.

Besides, does not the science of biology teach that romantic love, in the very nature of things, is transient? —a little heathen angel that we entertain unawares who comes and goes at will? I cannot tell you what satisfaction and what distress that theory has caused me of late. I would have my own heart free, but I am willing to move my little heaven and earth to prolong your bondage. Selfish? —I know, but consider upon what loneliness and terror such selfishness is based. A man is always sufficient unto himself, particularly if he can abstract and divert himself into a line of thought as you are able to do, but a woman without a lover is a pathetic thing. There is no real reason for her existence; all her little miracles of expression and posing are for naught. She is a sort of prima donna lost out of the play. There is no one to give her the happy cue to the whole meaning of life. Oh, my love! I *cannot* live without a lover. Do not bereave me! I should shrivel up, I am sure, —grow old and sour and sad. I might even become a deaconess with Hill-House propensities. I am a naïve beggar, you see; I ask all you have, and admit that I am unwilling to give in return what I myself have.

Your account of O'Meara interests me. But what right have you to slip out of your stern character as a merely spiritual man, and assume the guise of a good Samaritan? Really it is not fair; your tender compassion is illogical, and, however lovely, I cannot accept it as evidence in your favor. But your account of the poor man's distress touched my heart. And you ask me what ought to be done with the little Goblin boy. Dear Philip, could *we* not adopt him? Think how many years, then, we should have to correspond in and to dispute with each other about his upbringing! I would make the jackets and you should furnish the ethics for him. You would provide a home for him, and I would give a little of the warmth that any woman's tenderness imparts to any child. I will begin at once with a maternal dictation,—he must be sent into the country. For children are like lambs, I think; they also need to grow up in a green field, and to gambol there. He must have no cares, no obligations, just encouraged to let go all the good and evil there is in him. When he has expanded to his natural size morally and physically, we can tell better what to do with him. Are you laughing at me, or are you scandalized at such a proposition? Then why did you ask my advice? When a child is without parents, is it not better to provide him with a pair of them, even if one is a wizard who knows how to metamorphose himself into many different personalities, such as sage, mystic, lover, good Samaritan, and I know not how many more?

## LETTER XXIV

(Philip to Jessica. This letter was written before the preceding letter of Jessica's, but was not received until later)

DEAR JESSICA:

I often wonder whether I have made it quite clear to you why it is possible to hold in high esteem personally the workers of Hull House and these other philanthropists, while detesting their views when formulated as a dogma. Just after I had sent off my last letter

to you I met with something in a morning paper which will throw light on my position. In an address before Princeton Theological Seminary Dr. Lyman Abbott is reported to have used these words: "To follow Christ is, first of all, to give yourself to the service of God by serving your fellow-men. This is more important than the question of the Trinity, of the atonement, or of creeds." Now the question of the Trinity or of the atonement may not seem essential to me. My faith has passed out of them—beyond them, I trust; and certainly I do not call myself a Christian. But remember that Dr. Abbott is a teacher of Christianity and was on this occasion addressing students of theology. Certainly to him and to his audience these are, they must be, the first of all matters in the realm of ideas, whether accepted or rejected, and to speak slightly of them is to show contempt for everything that transcends the material world. I know that Dr. Abbott, like some others, makes this service of our fellow-men to be a form of the service of God; but the slightest knowledge of the spirit of the day, indeed any intelligent reading of the words I have quoted, makes plain how entirely this "service of God" is a tag, a meaningless concession to an older form of speech. What seriously concerns our humanitarians is the service of mankind. Now am I not justified in saying that true religion would at least change the order of ideas and declare that to serve mankind is, first of all, to give one's self to the service of God? This is not a quibbling of words, but a radical distinction. It is because I find in all so-called humanitarians this tendency to place humanity before God, material needs before ideals, that I call them, when all is said, the most insidious foes of true religion. Their very virtues make them more dangerous than outspoken materialists and scoffers. It is largely due to them and their creed that we have no art and no literature; for art and literature depend, when all is said, on a reaching out after ideas, on an attempt to transmute material things into spiritual values,—on faith, in a word. The hu-

humanitarians cry out against the materialism and the commercial spirit of the age. They do not perceive that the only remedy against this degeneracy is the renewal of faith in something greater and higher than our material needs. Let them preach for a while the blessings of poverty and other-worldliness. The attempt to instil benevolence or so-called human justice into society as the chief message of religion is merely to play into the hands of the enemy. Do you see why I call them the real followers of Simon Magus, who sought to buy the gift of God with a price? "Thou hast neither part nor lot in this matter; for thy heart is not right in the sight of God."

Consider how impossible it would have been in any age of genuine or real creativeness for a leading preacher of Christianity to have pronounced Dr. Abbott's words, and you will see how far humanitarianism has fallen from faith in the spirit. I know that passages may be quoted from the Bible which might seem to make Christ Himself responsible for this new Simony; but Satan, too, may quote Scripture. Surely the whole tenor of Christ's

teaching is the strongest rebuke to this lowering of the spirit's demands. He spent His life to bring men into communion with God, not to modify their worldly surroundings. Indeed, the world was to Him a place of misery and iniquity, doomed to speedy destruction. He sought to save a remnant from the wrath of judgment as a brand is plucked from the fire, and He separated His disciples utterly from acquiescence in the comforts of this earth; they were to be in the world but not of it: "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." He taught poverty and not material progress. Those He praised were the poor and the meek and the unresisting and the persecuted—those who were cut off from the hopes of the world.

And now, dear girl, do you ask me to apply my preaching to my own case? Of a truth I have faith. I think it my true service to men that I should learn to love you greatly; and out of that love shall flow charity and justice and righteousness toward the world. Let it be my meed of service that men shall see the beauty of my homage.





# The Art of Silence

By ARTHUR S. PHELPS

SILENCE is not always indicative of reserve power: it is sometimes symptomatic of reserve stupidity. The tongue may be anæstheticized by cowardice, vacuity, or the scalpel. Many are dumb only because they are deaf. Poor Raca, as well as Sir Talkative, reveals a vacuum. A high board fence may hide an uncultivated lot. A stringless harp is as disappointing as a clanging cymbal. Simple John, speechless before his interrogators by his mother's advice,—“lest they should find out that thee is a fool,”—came home from their angry disgust with the tearful exclamation: “Mother, they found out I was a fool anyhow.” George Eliot says that “empty wagons rattle prodigiously.” There is a silence of the Dead Sea, which swallows the Jordan, but knows no outlet, and no living creature can survive its briny stagnation.

But golden is the silence of Minerva. The beams from Eddystone shine mute and redemptive through the roaring blasts. Ulysses was at once the most eloquent and the most silent of men: the mediating tongue paused, that wisdom might pass from soul to soul. Selah finds its home in the divinest of the psalms. Holy Week is often called Silent Week. Paul's letters forget the things that are gone before. The silence of angry Israel before the taunts of Sennacherib's Rabshakeh was born of the king's command, “Answer him not.” The loftiest figure in history is the Man of Nazareth with sealed lips at Pilate's judgment-seat.

Prayer and wrath are most eloquent when the door is shut: for the Father seeth in secret. The reporter's “afterwards” of a murder in a saloon brawl, should be spelled “after words.” A worm will turn—and only a worm. The palmetto forts of the South were most effective in the Civil War, because their spongy substance received the cannon ball without splintering resistance. “A fool's wrath is presently known.”

But in these days when all mankind forgets not to communicate, taciturnity

seems a lost art, like bending cold glass, or building pyramids. We look in vain for Carlyle's man who could be “silent in seven languages.” “At one end of the table sat Longfellow,” said Holmes, “whose silence was better than many another man's conversation.” But Longfellow is dead; and our latter-day poets, alas! do not follow in the footprints which he left in the sands of time. No longer, as after Holmes's organ-grinder,

Silence like a poultice comes  
To heal the blows of sound.

It is said that “a noisy noise annoys an oyster,” and herein lies the proof of our conformity to ancestral type. “A fool uttereth all his heart”; but how can it take him so long? Because “a fool is full of words.” “If you should put your ear to her grave,” said the officiating minister on his return from the funeral of Madam Runtongue, “you would hear her talking yet.” In this age of pleonastic redundancy, of vain repetition, why teach the dumb to speak? Little wonder that angels were sent to wreck the Tower of Babel! Surely, Solomon was napping when he said: “The ear is not satisfied with hearing.”

Bridle thy tongue.

See, see, your silence,  
Cunning in dumbness, from my weakness draws  
My very soul of counsel.

The towering crest, the interstellar spaces, the walls of Paradise, silentious are. Silent letters in our mother tongue are as one to eight; the silent partner holds the capital in the business world; the Silent System is the severest of prison discipline. Go, bury thy sorrow, and pasture thy galled hobby. Only buried hopes can expect resurrection. To the city of the dead with thy withered ambitions, thy loves and hates, thy resolutions and puny momentums; as the Parsees reared Towers of Silence, twenty-five feet high, on which they exposed the bodies of their dead to be devoured by vultures. It shall be written of thee, as of the ancients gone: *Dum tacet clamat.*

## Books of To-Day and Books of To-Morrow

DEAR BELINDA,—

This week the *Spectator* says that the present Administration is "tottering and incapable." The same journal cannot understand why the Duke of Devonshire does not resign. But has any one told the Duke of Devonshire what is going on? Is he awake? The fiscal problem is not one to keep any one awake. It sends many to sleep, and pardonably perhaps his Grace of Devonshire. Is the Duke called Little Wideawake? What is Balmoral saying? Where is Lady Jeune all this time? Is Sir Thomas Lipton to be in the Cabinet and at the Admiralty? We all want to know these things, and every one is impatient; meanwhile any little relief from the strain of the fiscal problem is very welcome. The authors of "Wisdom while you Wait," viewing the general and political situation from their ever sagacious standpoint, offer us solutions of many burning questions in "England Day by Day—a Guide to Efficiency and a Prophetic Calendar for 1904." In compiling this book the writers acknowledge their indebtedness to Browning's "Sordello," the file of the "Tailor and the Cutter," and Catesby's "Drolleries." They have modelled much of their work upon the famous "Whitaker's Almanac," for, as they say in their preface, without help from Mr. Whitaker their dates would not be Wright. They have familiarized themselves with the methods of Old Moore, and they have spent no fewer than three week-ends with Zadkiel. They have in addition endeavored to sanctify their work by attending regularly the Thursday services of the Rev. R. J. Campbell since his advent to the City Temple. "England Day by Day" may be divided up under various heads. There is the prophetic section, the useful information section, the sporting section, some valuable advertisements, and blank pages are interspersed through the book for recording—in January, attacks of influenza; in February, the number of Pancakes consumed; in March, the delights of spring cleaning;

in April, notes upon snowstorms and other signs of spring; in June, for recording inches of rain; in July, the appearance of Christmas numbers. There are other blank pages seasonably placed until we reach December, where there is a page for recording amounts given to crossing-sweepers.

In the prophetic calendar the first entry relates to the Duke of Devonshire, and states that on January 1, 1904, his Grace has been offered "the post of sleeper on the Baghdad Railway." Three or four days later the Duke arrives at Gibraltar, but a salute of seventeen pom-poms fails to awake him. He lands at Ephesus, where there is a gala performance of "La Sonnambula." Later on the Duke, clad in dormouse-skin pyjamas, reaches his destination, drawn "by a pair of night-mares." Profound repose thereupon reigns in the East. Later in the same month many interesting events take place in the social and religious world. "Mr. Beecham is 'pilled' at the Junior Reform." "Rev. R. J. Campbell grows a beard," but later, apparently dissatisfied with his appearance, he sends for Mr. Truefitt.

In March several interesting anniversaries take place. Upon March 14th "Mr. Hall Caine completed his likeness to Shakespeare, 1895," and on the 17th of the same month "England was discovered by Edna May, 1898." Later on we are asked to recall the fact that "Dr. Williams made his first pink pill, 1879."

In April next year we must expect to hear that Mr. Austen Chamberlain leaves these shores in a submarine to inspect the "All-British Cable." Submarine conditions do not, however, suit him, and becoming indisposed "by the prevailing humidity," he is visited by Sir John Dory, President of the College of Sturgeons. His complaint "yields to treatment," and he attends a submarine school-treat and kisses several sea-urchins.

President Roosevelt, who will arrive on England in May, 1904, displays a

restless energy. He swims to Gravesend and back before breakfast, and conducts one of Sandow's classes in the afternoon. The King, hearing of this, takes to dumb-bells. The President later on includes in his recreations the taming of a lion at the Hippodrome; and going tiger-shooting in Regent's Park he lifts an elephant when the keeper is not looking.

In June Lady Warwick will preach at the City Temple, while the Rev. R. J. Campbell makes a fresh attempt while on his holiday to grow a beard. The Poets have a walk to Brighton, and at Streatham the author of "David and Bathshua," cheered by sandwichmen, no doubt is leading. Canon Rawnsley overhauls Whitworth Wynne at Crawley, where Stephen Phillips is showing signs of distress. Mr. Alfred Austin, upon reaching Pyecombe, thinks no doubt of H. J. Pye, and makes a spurt, arriving at the Brighton Aquarium a quarter of an hour in front of Sir William Allan, M.P. Mrs. Jane Oakley distributes the prizes on the new pier, Mr. Alfred Austin addresses a thanksgiving ode to St. Jacob's Oil, and Mr. Whitworth Wynne begins an epic on the subject of Elliman's Embrocation. In July signalling in Mars is observed, and Mr. Brodrick is summoned. He leaves the War Office in a parachute with Lady Jeune, "amid great enthusiasm." In October Dr. Robertson Nicoll entertains Passive Registers to a Grape-Nut breakfast at the Carlton. The writers add, "Lord Halifax indisposed," but whether before or after the breakfast we are not told—probably after.

Mr. Bernard Shaw's new plays will be called "Messrs. Hope Brothers' Conversion" and "The Worst Vestryman in St. Pancras," with additional paradoxes by Mr. G. K. Chesterton. The latter gentleman will lecture upon "Brown Boots as a Solvent of Domestic Morality," with Mr. Keir Hardie in the chair, and upon Byzantine influences upon Aerated Bread, with Messrs. Peace and Plenty in the chair. In November Mr. Alfred Austin will go to America and be entertained to supper on horseback. He dines one day

with Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and ten thousand peacock tongues are consumed. The following day he is indisposed and consequently writes a pessimistic poem "in the manner of Akenside."

The Kaiser will arrive in England in December, 1904, and will complete a very full programme. He will first win *The Times* Competition and visit Girton to receive congratulations. He will shave his moustache off the following day and preach at the City Temple. He will cook the dinner at the Carlton, and drive the Flying Scotchman to Perth. Visiting Lord Lonsdale on the way back, he will shed tears over the demolition of the Lowther Arcade. He will take the tenor solo at the Albert Hall sacred concert and repaint a portrait by Sargent. He will swim back to Germany with Mr. Holbein on December 13th. On the 14th there will, by special proclamation, be a general rest cure decreed.

The number of useful hints in "England Day by Day" make it an invaluable handy-book for travelling by road or rail. Under the heading "Regulations for Motor Cars," there is the rather gruesome suggestion, "Dead bodies should always be removed to the side of the road," and "Severed limbs must be collected. For purposes of identification it is advisable to examine the pattern of the clothing."

Remembering the humor of the "Man from Blankley's," the witty authors of "England Day by Day" have arranged a scale of fees by payment of which "a man from Blankley's" may be hired by ambitious hostesses for an evening. A pro-Protectionist may be had with eyeglass for three guineas. If without eyeglass, but with a clear definition of fiscal policy, two pounds twelve and sixpence. The omission of the eyeglass evidently carries with it a loss of conviction and confidence. An argumentative Free Trader may be had for a guinea and a half, and an old-fashioned Tory possessed of an uncertain temper is evidently not much in demand—his price is ten and sixpence. Lower down still in the scale comes the old-

fashioned Liberal—"sound but long talker"; for him there is "no demand."

Non-political professional diners-out may be secured, if with anecdotes of royalty, for ten guineas apiece; if with anecdotes of the aristocracy, seven guineas; those possessed of a power of directing "humorous sallies" at the right moment are priced at five guineas an evening. An Oxford degree and voice commands ten per cent. extra, and a Cambridge degree and manner five per cent. extra. To curates this excellent sphere for their academic vocal note may be commended as a better paying occupation than the cure of souls with variations upon the tennis lawn.

Among new Orders instituted the most notable is the Order of the Carlton. Only those are eligible for this who are able to prove, on oath, that they have not dined at home more than ten times in the year, and have never paid less than three guineas for a dinner, exclusive of wines, liqueurs, and cigars. The Order has three classes: G.K.C., Grand Knight of the Carlton; K.C., Knight of the Carlton; C.C., Commander of the Carlton.

Second in importance as a new Order is the Circulation Order for popular

authors. G.C.B. stands for Gigantic Circulation at the Bookstall; K.C.B., Knight Conjester of the Bookstall; C.B., Conjester of the Bookstall. No one is eligible for the lowest grade who has not sold fifty thousand copies of a six-shilling novel.

The value of the volume to the domesticated female is very considerable. In it she will find receipts for "Delicious drinks."

"To a goblet two-thirds full of brown sugar add three fresh oysters, a half-pony of quinine, and one dash of Condy. Stir well, strain into another glass, and drink quickly with the eyes shut." This drink is called "The Life-renewer."

"England Day by Day" carries with it an insurance for three million pounds for "the heirs of any person who writes his name and address in the space left for the purpose, and is afterwards killed within the four-mile radius during the year 1904 by frostbite, lightning, or Asiatic mumps." The name and address of the doomed man must be written with a Tickemorf Typewriter (in case complete, £21).

Your friend,

ARTHUR PENDENYS.

LONDON, October, 1903.





## Books Reviewed—Fact and Fiction

Those who would understand Japan and the Japanese must not be content with looking at the prismatics on the bubbles blown from the pipes of globe-trotters and lotus-eating tourists. There are other women beside the geisha, and in addition to the tea-houses and jin-riki-shas there are homes and ancient traditions. Why the Japanese are

**Japan as It Really Is.**

Japanese, both of the sort which their admirers and detractors picture, as well as that which the reality at the well's bottom reveals, is a fascinating study. What ichor from celestial veins, and what blood from Aryan, Mongolian, Tartar, and South Pacific negrito forbears, is in their veins, is a question on which anthropologists and the wise men of research are still busy in trying to answer. The question of heredity furnishes a tough problem.

It is not so with the question of their environment. Here matters are much clearer, for even though we grant no credibility to the Japanese traditions before the days of written records in the sixth century, yet we know that from at least that point onwards the outline of development is quite discernible. We see clearly, right on the ground itself, how a change of environment, differentiating the soldier from the peasant, made a distinct body, almost a caste, of men, who, with their families, have held for twelve centuries the monopoly of advantage in physical training, and who for over four centuries have enjoyed intellectual culture and almost monopolized letters. Even in our day, although almost all avenues of opportunity and promotion are open to every one in the empire, it is the Shizoku, or Samurai, the distinct creation of a specialized environment, that rules in all the high domains of authority. In a word, change of environment made the gentleman—almost as different from the "pudding-face," as the English lord is different from the Saxon swine-herd.

History also shows us that the traits of the Japanese, the submissive, sheep-like spirit of the peasantry, the ultra-docile and self-abnegating ways of the women, are almost wholly matters of education and training and, more particularly, of brute force, even though that force in its artistic aspect has been as fascinating as that of a live tiger's claw.

Writers who scrape the surface of things have declared that the Japanese have no modesty, no personality, few moral ideas, and

little religion. But when the subject is studied in the light of the history of his environment, it is seen that the Japanese is not an individual in the Occidental sense of the term. He is gregarious, his morality has been for the most part automatic. The systems of law, government, and religion have been repressive and inclusive, and it is only fair to conclude that under a new set of moral forces, with a new outlook upon the universe, with new motives and stimuli that come from adopting the progressive ideas and forces of the West, with improved food, and notably modified physical habits and surroundings, the Japanese is sure to become a very much modified man, closely approaching the type of the Occidental, or, rather, of the world's best typical man, while yet he keeps his power to select and reject as well as to assimilate. As a matter of fact, the physique of the Japanese, their language, art, literature, government, and religion, have all shown striking modifications within a single generation.

Dr. Gulick, who belongs to a famous family of missionaries, has from childhood been a student of races with a darker skin than his own, has, according to the vigorous Western methods, and after long familiarity with the Japanese language and actual human nature, written what may be called a great book on "The Evolution of the Japanese."\* We do not refer to his literary grace or power, for a study and ambitious imitation of the style of Francis Bacon would have reduced the bulk of his work by at least one third, and thereby his argument would have gained strength and clearness. Nevertheless he has scouted the conclusions of hasty tourists, and most of those writers who consider that the recent changes in Japan indicate revolution rather than evolution. Where they see adoption, he sees adaptation; where they see borrowing, he beholds continuous growth—a development from within based upon already existing ideas and institutions. With a new environment he believes the Japanese of the future will not be an Oriental but a cosmopolitan. Indeed, to those who see the signs of the times, the very terms Oriental and Occidental, as applied to individuals and nations, are waxing old and are ready to pass away.

WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

\*"The Evolution of the Japanese." By SIDNEY L. GULICK. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$2.00.

It has happened more than once in our country that on the extinction of a family that had come over from Holland, the sale of their effects had proved a revelation of culture and refinement to the public and the neighborhood. So to Governor Clinton of New York it was a delightful surprise to find in the forests of New York "the most learned man in America," Francis Adrian Van der Kemp, who later made the first translation out of the tongue of Holland of the "Documentary History of the State of New York." As an engineer, the exile's abilities were recognized by Governor Clinton, who saluted him as the virtual father of the Erie Canal. Acquainted with Adams, Jefferson, Washington, and other Fathers of the Republic, and with the learned men of Boston, honored with a degree from Harvard University, and long a resident of the town near Utica once rightly named Olden Barneveld, but later absurdly called Trenton, the name of Adrian Van der Kemp deserves to be better known to Americans. With Baron Van der Capellen, he was our friend in Holland in the dark days of the American Revolution, and assisted to get for us the loan of money, which, when repaid, principal and interest, amounted to \$14,000,000. In the days when the House of Orange aped British royalty and extinguished the hopes of the Republic in a despotism that crushed out freedom and muzzled the press, Van der Kemp stood for liberty. He was one of the shining lights in the time of the "Patriots," whose work, though sneered at by those smitten with the "Orange fever," was not lost, but had entered substantially into the new constitutional kingdom, which brought the hopes of the Republic to fruition. And, after their fundamental law had been written, the men of Holland called to be their servants and rulers the Princes of Orange—the crown still belonging to the nation. Mrs. Helen Linklaen Fairchild has edited, with an historical sketch, Van der Kemp's autobiography,\* with extracts from his correspondence. There are twelve illustrations and portraits. The book has been prepared with accuracy, sympathy, and critical insight, and is not only altogether creditable to the editor, but is a distinct addition to historical science.

WILLIAM ELIOT GRIFFIS.

Only twenty-two years of life were the lot

\* "Francis Adrian Van der Kemp. An Autobiography." G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

of this young Duchess, but the years were full enough to count for longer. The last decade of the fifteenth century was crowded with marked personalities on that Italian soil, where the number of tiny sovereign states gave opportunities galore for many to be first in their own territories. And the question of rank counts for more in personal development, possibly, than the size of the stage. Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Bari, the sombre and mature *promesso sposo* to Beatrice d'Este, aged five, was in himself material for a whole series of romances. Mixture of brigand and Mæcenas, endowed with a capacity for making others work his will, the rôle he played, as uncle to the Duke of Milan, had an ugly color, even though the results were good for Milan. He arrogated to himself and used for his own ends, the powers and honor belonging by right of heritage to his weakling nephew, and he had no qualm of conscience in assuming the title when it fell to that nephew's heir, but the name of Duke of Milan, made his legally by imperial edict, added nothing to what Ludovico had long enjoyed. His fall and death in captivity in France (1505) were sad contrasts to the brilliant state of his regency, but into this sadder experience Beatrice never entered. Her sister, Isabella d'Este, won greater renown in a longer career. Beatrice had but seven years of married life, which began for her at fifteen. Recent research into family and state papers has enabled the author to tell her story—one well worth the telling.\* What letters they wrote,—those dukes, princelings, ambassadors, and their wives, who travelled back and forth between the miniature courts, where passions and ambitions were on an imperial scale! And out of these letters we gather a whole series of pictures of Beatrice d'Este, the petted child in her grandfather's court at Naples, the maiden in process of training at Ferrara, and the young wife at Milan, who used her liberty with girlish enjoyment. To chase ladies in waiting till they fell from their horses, to walk the streets disguised, to fool a clown into hunting a tame pig instead of a wild boar, were among the amusements indulged in by the Duchess of Bari and Isabella of Milan. Beatrice's letter to her sister describing her baby boy might be written to-day. Only the modern mother would add the length of her

\* "Beatrice d'Este. Duchess of Milan (1473-1497). A Study of the Renaissance." By JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Henry Ade). Dutton. \$3.00.

child to her other statistics without fear of disaster from measuring him. And how magnificent she must have been, this wife of Ludovico, in her brocades at forty ducats a yard and her silks woven from special designs by great artists! But she was not known alone from her pranks and her toilets. Her knowledge of affairs and her conversation charmed emperor, princes, and envoys at the court of Milan, and further she conducted an embassy for her husband to Venice. Brilliant men there were to meet at the time of this Duchess. Leonardo da Vinci, Perugino, Commynes, Maximilian, and a host of others were among her acquaintance.

RUTH PUTNAM.

The writer of these letters \* was a daughter of an Irish gentleman resident in Paris, 1817-43, and at home in Orleanist circles there. At the time of France at a Low Ebb. Louis Philippe's fall, Florence Robinson was again in the French capital as wife of Baron Knut Bonde, a Swedish diplomat. Familiar with French conditions, she still observed from the point of view of a foreigner, and her letters to her friend, Mrs. Ashburnham, about the events passing around her were read eagerly in London by every one to whom they were shown. Indeed, the paper was almost destroyed by much perusal, but publication was deferred until after the writer's death in 1900, when, too, most of the people mentioned had joined the majority. The editing is well done and the notes are sufficiently copious to elucidate obscure points. The letters run from February 24th to August 17th, beginning with an account of the cowardly, unresisting flight of a stupid King, and ending just as the shadow of Napoleon falls across the pathway of events. What wonder that even the King's supporters felt "little emotion at his fall"? "I believe I told you that Louis Philippe had not left a partisan in France, but I had not then seen Mrs. —, and as she has requested me to give publicity to her opinions, I hope you will say from her that the King was on horseback all morning and that the Princes fought like lions, but *the crowd was so great that no one found it out*; she says that the truth being told on this subject may be of use to them [the royal family] when they come back." A delightfully scathing statement! Madame Bonde had no opinion of Louis Philippe and less of the government

\* "Paris in '48." Letters from a resident describing the events of the revolution, by Baroness BONDE (née Robinson). Edited by C. E. Warr. Pott & Co. \$2.00.

that succeeded him. "I wish I had a thousand pens to spread abroad the horrors of the Republic." France certainly fell to a very low grade of prosperity and credit while the irresponsibility was menacing of further calamity. "Every Republican says, 'This is not my Republic,' every Monarchist argues, 'Could any king do worse'; and then we are told that France is unanimous," writes Madame Bonde in May. Later, "All the world is so sick of the Republic that they have left off abusing Louis Philippe for his faults and cowardice." It was soon evident that Lucifer himself would be accepted in preference to hydra-headed Republican dictatorship, but neither the Baroness nor any one else suspected who that Lucifer was going to be. The election of Louis Napoleon to the Assembly in June "fairly confounded every one." "The wisest plan would be to let him take his seat, and crush his importance by leaving him the nine-hundredth share in the most tumultuous and imbecile Assembly that every governed a nation." It is greatly to be regretted that the Baroness's pen did not run on a few years longer and tell her impression of little Napoleon's acquisition of all the power.

R. P.

The timeliness of the publication of this book \* redeems it from the mass of scantily noticed works of travel. The nomadic instinct in us ever turns with joy to narratives of far lands; and Russia, as the scene of such descriptions, is to-day focussing all eyes. We have still ringing in our ears the sublime periods of Mr. Henry Norman's "All the Russias," or the more garrulous accounts of Mr. Wirt Gerrard's experiences in eastern Siberia. Run your finger a bit farther to the right-hand side of the map and you are at the Russian penal island of Saghalien, a remote, obscure island, but one of no contemptible interest as M. Labbé treats it.

The first half of the book is devoted to the convicts, among whom M. Labbé has lived, and whom he describes with a minuteness of detailed fact which proves every point that he makes. The condition of the convict inhabitants of Saghalien, according to him, is, in spite of ameliorating circumstances, bad, as it must be in any community where a large portion of the people live in a state of concubinage, where the boys habitually steal and drink to excess, and the girls are sold by their parents, sometimes as young as fourteen.

\* "Un Bagne Russe." By PAUL LABBÉ. Hachette et Cie., Paris, 1903. \$1.18.

"Many books have been written," says M. Labbé, "very severe for the functionaries of the prisons and of the Russian penitentiaries. The censure has not always held them in check, and the greater part of the Russians have read of the cruelties and the troubles of all sorts which have rendered sadly celebrated the name of Saghalien. The Russian soul is so truly and so profoundly humane that I have always accused all these accounts of exaggeration: they were unfortunately true."

The second half of the book deals with the aborigines, among whom wealth is judged by the number of dogs a man possesses, and "a woman who washes herself commits a sin." This is among the tribe of Guiliaks. The people believe, for the most part, in a multiplicity of diabolical gods of the rivers, air, etc. Or, to be more exact, "God for these poor people is always in effect a terrible being: he is in turn the wind which blows and which makes their boats capsize, the water which inundates their camp and carries off their instruments and their sleds, the fire which burns their house and certain objects which it contains." It is an additional bit of confirmatory evidence in favor of Max Müller's theory that primitive conceptions of God originate in the deification of the physical aspects of the universe rather than of ancestors, of kings, or of abstract concepts. Some of the Saghalien believe in total annihilation at death; others, in another world where the rich are poor and the poor, rich.

M. Labbé next turns to the Aino people, who by various savants have been considered near relatives of the North American Indians, near relatives of the Mongols, of the Coreans, of the Polynesians, of the Russians, and even autochthons of Saghalien and of the adjacent Japanese island of Yeso. M. Labbé inclines to a belief in the Russian relationship, basing his opinion, however, on appearance and measurements, the first a doubtful and the second a wholly unsafe guide. The Ainors are closely associated with the Japanese, and have supplied even Tokyo with some of its best citizens. Among them is a legend that the Japanese god came to visit the Aino god. He was hospitably asked to stay to dinner and was given a plentiful repast. Both of these precious gods, however, became intoxicated; and the Aino slept, during which time the Japanese stole his grammar and his written language. Thus the Japanese can read and write, but the Aino is ignorant.

We wish that he had chosen to record more

concerning the language and legends of these people, as well as more details of their religion, even though it had been at the expense of his study of the convicts. We must perforce be content with what is given us; but it is with regret that the ethnological section does not fill one or two volumes, instead of half of a very small book. The work is attractively illustrated.

JAMES E. ROUTH, Jr.

It must be with lively curiosity that Mr. Gelett Burgess's large public will open his new offering,\* and considerable surprise is in store for many of them. For here is a departure indeed. Mr. Burgess makes in this little volume a determined effort to escape the "Purple Cow" from the bondage of the yoke which a recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* warned us was closing in upon our land and menacing our civilization. The essay's the thing, the wise now tell us; and if those who have ears to hear think they detect in these very good essays some reminiscent strains and hidden rhythms of dear R. L. S., the music is none the less sprightly. It is hard to write about the gaiety and hope of life and not to think of Stevenson, and to think of him is to fall into the dainty nicety of his gait.

Mr. Burgess is rather deliberately optimistic; it is not a pose, but a resolutely maintained attitude. "I have made believe so long," he confides, "that now I am quite sincere in my convictions that we can see pretty much whatever we look for; which should prove the desirability of searching for amusement and profit rather than for boredom and disillusion."

The Introduction is itself a very fair specimen of Mr. Burgess's happy and confidential style. ("The essay," he says, "is the most compromising form of literature"; yet the author manages to keep between his soul and the reader's curiosity a thin veil of illusion.)

"I might have called this book 'A Guide through Middle Age,' for it is then that one needs enthusiasm the most. We stagger gaily through youth, and by the time old age has come, we have usually found a practicable working philosophy, but at forty one is likely to have a bitter hour at times, especially if one is still single. Or, so they tell me; I shall never confess to that status, and shall leap boldly into a white beard. A kindly euphem-

\* "The Romance of the Commonplace." By GELETT BURGESS. Elder & Shepard. \$1.50.



ism calls this horrid half-way stage one's Prime. I have here endeavored to justify the usage, though I am opposed by a thousand poets."

The titles of the chapters whet our curiosity: "The Art of Playing," "The Game of Correspondence," "The Diary Habit," "The Bachelor's Advantage," "The Perfect Go-Between." If one of these topics have no charm for us, surely another will; and a little more romance in the commonplace of our lives will not harm any of us.

The author has a pretty tact which insures us against ever being bored, though there is a certain light seriousness about the Essays very appropriate to the warm leisure of the holidays.

GRACE E. MARTIN.

India\* may be an old country, with a literary and traditional story running far back even into pre-Sanskrit ages. Yet, ancient as it is, it is not, in phenomena at least, as stable and unchangeable as is the social life of its latest conquerors. More continuous than the imperial drum-beat is the more's Coruscating Wit—sound of the soda-water bottle, on which with the quinine sulphate British rule rests. "The London menu goes with the British drum-beat round the world, and the beef and beer and cheese, the boiled potato, the cauliflower, and orange marmalade are fixed and omnipresent." The real news of the world comes only in the *London Times*, and the Allahabad *Pioneer* is the nursery of genius, wherein Sinnett, Kipling, and Marion Crawford first won public applause. The "Black Hole of Calcutta" is now Room No. 18, in a certain hotel.

These bits of information will give the reader a good idea of what the brilliant author

whose pen coruscates wit and iridescent sentences saw in the land of many nations and languages presided over by the Union Jack. It was not summer India, nor native India, nor agricultural India, that she saw, but that portion visible to the winter visitor and easily reached and looked at by the comfortable tourist,—that is, British India, the show places and the bazars. Nevertheless, Miss Scidmore is Argus-eyed, sees all the show places, and with long experience of travel in many lands and climates, and also with those vampires that ever fasten upon the tourist, she puts on her pages just what the reader wants to have told, while she knows well what to leave out. With amazing vocabulary and nimble rhetoric, mixed with merry fling and mild sarcasm, she tells her story so that one enjoys her sensations without experiencing the discomforts, which she deftly tucks into the shadow. Madras, Calcutta, Benares, Lucknow, Agra, Delhi, and Simla, High and Low India, the land of plentiful water and the land of the heaven-touching peaks, are shown us with many a choice illustration, and amplified description, until we imagine ourselves with her under the punka, in the white sunshine, or within the cool of architecture. Verily, India is a land of wonders and the home of mighty religions. It has manifold strata of history, faith, art, and speech. Most interesting to the scholar is the account of the sacred Bo-tree, "the centre of the universe and verandah of knowledge," so holy to the devout Buddhist. Added to the readableness of the book is a good index well worthy of it, for there are many pages to which one will wish to refer again. Miss Scidmore was able to see so much of India herself, because by reading and study she had come prepared, though there is rather too much, we think, of Kipling.

W. E. G.

\*"Winter India." By ELIZA RUHAMA SCIDMORE. The Century Co. \$2.00.



# The Book-Buyer's Guide

## ART

**Gallatin—Aubrey Beardsley's Drawings.** A Catalogue and a List of Criticisms. By A. E. Gallatin. Illustrated. Wieners. \$3.50.

It is something of a pity that Mr. Gallatin, who seems to have devoted infinite pains to the compilation of this work, could not have made the bibliographical portions more inclusive. Despite the beauty of the book from an æsthetic standpoint, the careful list of drawings, and the interest which attaches to the illustrations, there are certain regrettable *lacunæ*. Mr. Gallatin seems to be unaware of the existence of M. Henry D. Davray's memorial notice of Beardsley in *La Plume* for July 15, 1899, or of Herr Rudolf Klein's able monograph in the series, "Die Kunst," edited by Dr. Richard Muther, and published by Bard of Berlin. This latter is the most important Continental contribution to the subject, and certainly deserves place in any list of works on Beardsley. For the rest, Mr. Gallatin has done admirably, and has earned the gratitude of all who are still held by the disquieting fascination of Beardsley's art. In conclusion, may one timidly ask whether there is such a periodical as *Le Revue Française*!

**Holyrod—Michael Angelo Buonarroti.** By Charles Holyrod, Keeper of the National Gallery of British Art, with Translations of the Life of the Master by his Scholar, Ascanio Condivi, and Three Dialogues, from the Portuguese by Francisco D'Olanda. Illustrated. Imported by Scribner. \$2.00.

Without any pretence, in fact, in a spirit of rare frankness and modesty, Mr. Holyrod has given the lay student an excellent book on the sad giant of the Renaissance. The work is divided into three parts: the first containing the only complete translation into English of Condivi's life of the master, the second being Mr. Holyrod's appendix, and the conclusion the loquacious Portuguese miniaturist's dialogues, hitherto well-nigh inaccessible. There is a welcome directness and a quaint force to Mr. Holyrod's rendering of Condivi's text. It is by no means a literal translation, nor even an always accurate one, but in flavor it is characteristic. Mr. Holyrod's appreciations of Michael Angelo's art are apt and concise. He does not vaporize, and is never other than an honest and open-minded observer, more absorbed with definite and technical than with theoretical considerations. Ollanda's narrative is, in certain respects, the cream of the book. He seems to have been a complete toady, but he used his ears and eyes to advantage, and left a priceless record of Messer Michael's opinions on painting and

draughtsmanship. Mr. Holyrod's book, welcome as it is, would have been even more so had he incorporated the dialogues of Donato Giannotti. Such material—personal, vivacious, and of contemporary interest—far outvalues the laborious hypotheses of industrious Teutons.

**Mauclair—The French Impressionists.** By Camille Mauclair. Illustrated. (The Popular Library of Art.) Dutton. 75 cts.

Among the younger French writers on art M. Camille Mauclair is fast achieving a recognized position. The tenuous analysis and graceful, pointed style which characterize his work in other fields are here manifest to equal advantage. Yet, despite this, his book on the "French Impressionists" is somewhat of a disappointment. First and worst, M. Mauclair's text has been cruelly slaughtered by his translator. Certain passages are wildly unintelligible and there is no page without its glaring blemishes. The other defects are a certain confusion of technical terms and a tendency to contradiction. M. Mauclair theorizes plausibly and then blandly cites examples which disprove his theories. The great movement which began in the early sixties and which taught men to look at nature and humanity with vivid freshness of vision has not yet found its historian. Dr. Richard Muther comes nearest, but even he has not answered all requirements.

**Ricci—Pinturicchio.** By Corrado Ricci. Lippincott. \$20.00 net.

No finer essay in constructive æsthetic criticism than Dr. Ricci's "Pinturicchio" has been issued in many months. This account of the life and art of one who was but a slight remove from the greatest Italians is illumined by deep sympathy, painstaking research, and unvarying felicity of presentation. To those who are already familiar with Dr. Ricci's work the volume will prove no surprise, though to others it will come as something of a revelation in modern biographical interpretation. Pinturicchio, or "Sordicchio," as Matarazzo dubbed him on account of his reputed deafness, has been singularly neglected by the historians of art from Vasari down, and it is hence with pleasure that one welcomes this admirable tribute from the pen of the Director of the Brera. Interest in the painter has recently been quickened by the restoration of the Borgia Rooms in the Vatican, which are decorated in Pinturicchio's best manner. It was the writer's privilege to inspect these apartments shortly after their reopening, and it is there and in the Cathedral Library at Siena that one can study most adequately the art of "Il Sordicchio." He possessed no overmastering qualities, and for that very reason was able to sum up as none

of his betters has done the sumptuous, festal character of the life of his day, whether in Perugia or in Rome. He gives, perhaps, the best synthesis of that sheen and glory of past pageant and procession which now survives only on canvas or fading fresco.

**Scott—Portraits of Julius Cæsar.** By Frank Jesup Scott. Longmans. \$5.00 net.

An elaborate monograph, elegantly printed and copiously illustrated, the work of a scholarly enthusiast who has spent a good part of five years of European travel in collecting from the great museums and from private galleries all the known portraits of "the mighty Julius" that have any historical or artistic value. The results are given here in thirty-eight full-page plates and forty-nine figures, all illustrating marbles or bronzes, coins or gems, supposed to represent Cæsar. The text includes a concise life of the man, with descriptive and critical matter concerning the portraits. The work will be of peculiar interest to classical teachers and students, antiquarians and artists, as well as to cultivated people in general.

#### BELLES-LETTRES

**Cody—A Selection from the Best English Essays.** Chosen and Arranged with Historical and Critical Introductions, by Sherwin Cody. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.00.

A neat and handy selection from Bacon, Swift, Addison, Lamb, De Quincey, Carlyle, Emerson, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold, with much good illustrative matter.

**E. S. S.—Maeterlinck—Thoughts from Maeterlinck.** Chosen and arranged by E. S. S. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.20.

Our modern Chochma, or wisdom literature, grows apace. Authors who are sententious are almost sure to have admirers who excerpt and collect their sentences. Maeterlinck is sententious and invites quotation. These thoughts are some ingenious, some profound, some foolish or empty, and usually suggestive, and about The Drama, Women, Justice, the Bee, Destiny, and similar everyday matters.

**Hathaway—The Alchemist.** By Benj. Jonson. With introduction, notes, and glossary, by Charles H. Hathaway, Jr., Ph.D. Holt & Co. \$2.50.

No. XVII. of the "Yale Studies in English," and a most elaborate edition of the play, containing nearly 400 pages, besides a careful text, a discussion of the date and sources, a critical survey of alchemy, and copious textual, philological, bibliographical, and explanatory notes. The title-pages of 1612, 1616, and 1640 are also reproduced, with the original dedication and address to the reader in the quarto of 1612. The book was printed at the Oxford University Press.

#### BIOGRAPHY

**Buell—Sir William Johnson.** By Augustus C. Buell. Appleton. \$1.00.

Sir William Johnson was one of the most interesting characters of our colonial days,—an ideal pioneer and colonist, utilitarian in his purposes, yet unconsciously striving for a great ideal, the expansion and perpetuation of that form of social order of which he was the product. Mr. Buell's popular biography of this worthy finds a most fitting place in this series of "Historic Lives" and throws many a ray of light on the three-fold conflict on American soil between the Indian, French, and English civilizations, which culminated with the fall of Quebec and the subsequent failure of Pontiac's conspiracy. The part played by Johnson in these far-reaching and dramatic events, Mr. Buell describes vividly and interestingly. His language is occasionally more vehement and unrestrained than is desirable, but as the book is biography not history, this fault is a venial one.

**Fahie—Galileo: His Life and Work.** By J. J. Fahie. Pott. \$5.00.

Whoever has paced the cool quadrangles of Padua will find this magnificent piece of biography more fascinating than any romance and more profound than any other utterances of religious philosophy. Mr. Fahie has endeavored to speak the truth. His narrative is lucid and ingenious. He neither eulogizes nor disparages Galileo. The picture is pitiable yet perfect. The author admires and regrets, and the readers come as near as might be expected to the truth of the matter.

**Grant-Duff—Out of the Past.** By Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff. 2 vols. Dutton & Co. \$5.00.

The author supplements his "Notes from a Diary" by these volumes, mainly filled with biographical papers, most of which have appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Fortnightly Review*, the *Nineteenth Century*, and other periodicals. He adds several addresses of a similar character, one of which on "Epitaphs," delivered before the Royal Institution, is specially interesting; and the same may be said of the paper on "Recollections of Oxford." Among the biographical papers those on Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley, the Empress Frederick, the Duke of Argyll, and Cardinal Manning are particularly noteworthy.

**Hammond—Charles James Fox: A Political Study.** By J. L. Le B. Hammond. Pott. \$2.00.

It would take a Balzac to understand Fox so as to picture him with a pen. Mr. Hammond is broad and has some tolerance, but he is aware that he is not of a temper to write a biography of Fox. That Mr. Hammond distinctly repudiates and professes that it is his intention "to portray the great ideas Fox stood for, to vindicate the essential consis-

tency of his career, to appreciate the magnanimous inspirations he gave to politics." In this endeavor Mr. Hammond has succeeded passing well. More we have not space to say.

**Helps—The Spanish Conquest in America.** By Sir Arthur Helps. Edited by M. Oppenheim. Vol. III. John Lane. \$1.50.

In these days of great accuracy and of frequent additions to our knowledge of the past, it is rare that an historical work fifty years old deservedly receives the honor of a reprint. Such is the case with the work at present in hand. Helps was an honest investigator, a sympathetic writer, and his work has attained the rank of a standard history. Its standpoint is perhaps not the prevailing one, and its interest is to a great extent biographical and antiquarian rather than historical in nature, yet there are many who will welcome the fact that this attractive work has once more become easily accessible.

**Monson and Gower—Memoirs of George Elers.** Edited by Lord Monson and George Leveson Gower. Appleton. \$3.00.

The memoirs of an English infantry captain who saw much active service in India and elsewhere fifty or more years ago and also much of society life. Besides these memoirs written by himself the book contains many letters from the Duke of Wellington, with whom the author was intimate in his early days, and also from Maria Edgeworth, who was his cousin. Memoirs and correspondence present a truthful and graphic picture of the military and social life of the time, to which the notes by the editors add not a little explanatory and illustrative matter. Portraits and a map showing places in India mentioned in the narrative are added, with an index of twelve pages.

**Shea.—Early Voyages up and Down the Mississippi.** By Cavalier, St. Cosme, Le Sueur, Gravier, and Guignas. With an Introduction, Notes, and an Index, by John Gilmary Shea. A new Edition of 500 Numbered Copies. Reprinted for Joseph McDonough. \$4.00.

This new edition of Mr. Shea's valuable monograph is occasioned by the demand for a library edition. The Centennial of the Louisiana Purchase calls attention to such writings, and the first edition, which was limited to one hundred copies, is followed by this edition of five hundred copies.

**Smith—A Political History of Slavery.** By William Henry Smith. With an introduction by Whitelaw Reid. 2 vols. Putnam. \$4.50.

The accomplished author of this posthumous work—Mr. Smith died in 1896—had exceptional facilities in gathering his material. He was in the fifties of the last century a close associate of those men who formed the Republican party, and he had access to the unpublished papers of some of them, notably those

of President Hayes. During part of the Civil War he occupied a prominent office in Ohio. In addition to this active participation in the events he records, he was in varying capacities—from that of reporter to head of the Associated Press—attached to the public press of the country, and thus at all times in touch with men and events. As a result he was able to collect a quantity of valuable material, and thanks to his sanity and sound judgment he was able to fuse this undigested mass into an invaluable work, probably the most important and authoritative contribution to American history for some time.

**Spears—Anthony Wayne.** By John Spears. Appleton. \$1.00.

This biography appears in the series of "Historic Lives." It is fair, but somewhat lacking in vitality. Indeed, it is rather the story of the American Revolution as far as Wayne took part therein, and a sketch of the later Indian complications on the Canadian borders, than a personal life of the energetic general, the Anthony whose madness was stamped by efficient method in the saving of northern territory to the United States.

**Trowbridge—My Own Story, with Recollections of Noted Persons.** By John Townsend Trowbridge. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$2.50.

Those who have read Mr. Trowbridge's autobiographical reminiscences in the *Atlantic Monthly* will be glad to have them in this comely volume with its abundant illustrations, which include several portraits of the author, with those of Theodore Parker, Mrs. Stowe, B. P. Shillaber ("Mrs. Partington"), "Artemus Ward," J. R. Lowell, F. H. Underwood, Gen. Sheridan, R. W. Emerson, Bronson Alcott, W. D. O'Connor, Walt Whitman, H. W. Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, and not a few other people who were among the author's friends. There are also autographs, views of residences, etc. The book appeals strongly to a larger public than has enjoyed it in its serial issue.

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS

**Colson-Chittenden—The Child Housekeeper.** By Elizabeth Colson and Anna G. Chittenden. A. S. Barnes & Co. \$1.50 net.

Let us hope that the book written by Elizabeth Colson and Anna Chittenden will not have a wide circulation among the little housekeepers of America. Is not the clang of the carpet-sweeper and the clash of the dish-pan noise enough without encouraging strident childish voices to be raised in song? And after all it is not song to which one objects so much, but who wishes to hear poor young ones shouting pæans of praise on the beauty of work and what fun it is to wash dishes? There is a perfunctory kind of cheerfulness more depressing than a glum face, and that is the kind of cheerfulness which this little book encourages. It seems hard to believe that



any "little mother" will learn to care better for her little sister by learning sentimental poems about "Where did you come from, baby dear," or will build the kitchen fire with more intelligence because she has heard a teacher sentimentalize over the "sunshine imprisoned in the coal." But who knows? It may be that children have changed in the last generation, and that the talk about the "pretty soap-suds" and "shining dishes" with which our elders tried to fool us into liking to wash the dishes, and which only filled us with murderous wrath, may be pleasing to the Little-Housekeeper children of this day. Children may have become more gullible, and kindergarten methods may have softened their brains as well as their hearts, and so perhaps after all there is a place for such books as "The Child Housekeeper."

**Wiggin-Smith—Golden Numbers: A Book of Verse for Youth.** Chosen and classified by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith. McClure. \$1.00.

If this anthology excels many others designed especially to edify, entertain, or instruct the young, it is largely because of its size; for it runs to 662 pages, exclusive of eighty pages or so of introduction, contents, index, and "interleaves," or sheets of thinner paper containing brief introductions to each of the subdivisions of the book. The wine is too good, on the whole, to need so many bushes as Mrs. Wiggin supplies; and if not all of it is equally good, or equally well adapted to a young person's tastes or needs, the average quality is high, and the typography, press-work, and general make-up of the book leave nothing to desire. There are lots of classics here, and newer things that will become classics in due time.

**Winnington—The Outlook Story Book for Little People.** Edited by Laura Winnington. Outlook Co. \$1.20.

An attractive book, with a mixture of everyday sketches, imaginative stories, and little poems. The illustrations are very charming.

### FICTION

**Adams—The Log of a Cowboy.** A Narrative of the Old Western Trail Days. By Andy Adams. Illustrated by E. Boyd Smith. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.00.

With a thorough knowledge of his subject the author of "The Log of a Cowboy" set about his work, and the result is a most interesting and enjoyable book. He takes us back to the Texas of thirty-five years ago, when railroads were yet far off, when the country was full of Indians and buffaloes. The cowboy and the longhorn were then the best known subjects from the Lone Star State. That time has passed forever. Nowadays great stock trains hurry the cattle northward to market, and the slaughter-houses and refrigerators do the rest. But only a score and ten years ago the cattle were driven overland by the road, or trail, which led from Texas through the

Indian Territory and Kansas to Montana and Dakota. It is this long drive with its incidents and adventures which constitutes the burden of the book that is what it calls itself, "The Log of a Cowboy."

Andy Adams has written it all in so delightful a way that we cannot fail to envy the life of the cowboy, the careless, happy-go-lucky, brave men with their faults and virtues, their disregard of danger and human existence. He has made us see them sitting about the camp-fire "swapping yarns," playing cards, and eating their frugal fare. He has pictured them so human and so natural that we bid them good-by with reluctance. It is refreshing to have read a book so full of the spirit of the time, so true to nature, and one closes it with regret. For those who enjoy something besides a love story. "The Log of a Cowboy" can be recommended.

**Ade—People You Know.** By George Ade. R. H. Russell. \$1.00.

If this little collection of newspaper skits should chance to represent a first acquaintance with Mr. George Ade, it might seem very funny. Otherwise, the reader who is getting a little tired of the use of capital letters as a form of wit may realize that a page of Mr. Ade is as profitable as many volumes. It would be interesting to see another phase, if there be one, of Mr. Ade's undeniable sense of humor.

**Barry—A Daughter of Thespis.** By John D. Barry. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50.

This subdued novel ought to go far toward correcting the illusions of people who still cherish notions of the fascination of stage life. Indeed Mr. Barry has been so careful to show that such fascinations are not real that he has almost forgotten to make his story interesting. Evelyn Johnson, actress and "star," is as colorless a heroine as any realistic author ever achieved, though Madge Guernsey, the cheerfully vulgar young soubrette, is a somewhat more real and intelligible character. The book sounds as if Mr. Barry had industriously incorporated in it a great deal of personal reminiscence; the exercise of selection might have resulted in a stronger book.

**Bigelow—The Middle Course.** By Mrs. Poultney Bigelow. The Smart Set Publishing Co. \$1.50.

Mighty is the effort to attain the unexpected and to excel in flashing brilliancy made by writers of a certain group. A few clever sayings which have caught the true reflection of the passing hour, a little insight into some of the complications of the immediate present, some bits of brightness, are all that relieve a story quite devoid of originality in plot, in character drawing, or in incident.

**Carryl—Zut and Other Parisians.** By Guy Wetmore Carryl. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

A note of imitation can be heard with more or less distinctness in every one of these sketches. The first thought on reading is that the author,

before he saw Paris, was very familiar with what French authors had said, and when his eyes saw, their impressions were colored by words remembered. There is an echo rather than an imitation in the stories. All are clever, though, and "The Only Son of His Mother" is more than that.

**Crawford—The Romance of Old New England Churches.** By Mary C. Crawford. Page & Co. \$1.20.

The churches only enter into these sketches inasmuch as their records furnish clues to information about people; for this is a book about people, not architecture or ecclesiastical history. The author has carefully culled together all bits regarding various names about which tradition has been busy—and she has taken pains to weave no romance into the result of her research. She cannot wholly avoid showing what her personal bias is in a matter of doubt, as in the first article, entitled, "A Pre-Revolutionary Belle," but both bias and doubts are well indicated and the reasons are made clear. This little group of twelve studies follows another volume, "The Romance of Old New England Roof-trees." Among the romantic characters treated in that were Eleazar Williams, the possible Louis XVII. It is interesting to see that the author has worked further in this subject and become convinced that a Bourbon really was among us. Suggestive and readable is "The Last Prince at Long Meadow," but indeed the adjectives belong to each one of the twelve studies.

**Edwards—Tu-tze's Tower.** By Louise Betts Edwards. Coates. \$1.00.

This is a really good story of "man in the raw" and of the adventures of soulful Occidentals who are out of sorts as regards Christendom and civilization. Its field is the border-land between China and Eastern Tibet. To learn the fascination of opium, in order to preach against its use, a missionary smokes the seductive drug, falls a victim to its power, and dies in agony. His daughter, who is sold to a Chinese trader, is rescued by a famous lady traveller, wife of a scientist, and becomes her companion. After life at Shanghai and in Washington, rescuer and rescued travel in Tibet. Then adventures thicken, for we have here the struggles of rival tribes and of roaming vassals against their suzerain in Peking, bloody interviews with the Boxers, pictures of missionary life in school and field, the awful effects of "the smoke" on the human economy, and much that furnishes kaleidoscopic views of both savage and civilized Oriental man, with, of course, love and war in profusion. On the whole, this is one of the best presentations in fiction of Chinese and Tibetan life. The story carries one along almost breathlessly. The illustrations are spirited and appropriate.

**Fowler—Place and Power.** By Ellen Thorncroft Fowler. Appleton. \$1.50.

As an artistic whole this new romance by Miss Fowler is open to severe criticism. Fate

is cheated rather absurdly by the melodramatic trick of children changed in their cradles and by the unexpected fact that twins came into the world instead of one boy. The unity of the tale is marred by running through two generations. Yet the real cleverness of the conversations, the attractiveness of some of the characters, and a pleasant facility in narration makes the story readable from cover to cover.

**Hyne—Captain Kettle, K. C. B.** By Cutcliffe Hyne. Federal Book Co. \$1.50.

Many will eagerly welcome this new installment of stories of our latest Munchausen. For nerve and ingenuity in inextricable difficulties, Captain Kettle is unsurpassed, his queer, composite character infinitely amusing. This time, although the fierce little Captain is saved alive as astonishingly as the Count of Monte Cristo, Mr. Hyne lets him lose a piece of his right leg. Long may Captain Kettle, K.C.B., live and have more thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes!

**Kincaid—Walda.** By Mary Holland Kincaid-Harper. \$1.50.

An artist arrives at a German community of religious mystics who abjure human love, and he falls in love with the destined priestess of the community. She is altogether lovely and, of course, responds. Hereupon arises much trouble for all concerned because these unworldly mystics love money and do not wish to lose their prophetess, who is expected to direct them in sowing, reaping, and bartering. In the end love triumphs, and Walda deserts the commune. This makes a good tale and is well told.

**McCarthy—Marjorie.** By Justin Huntly McCarthy. Russell. \$1.50.

"Marjorie" is a tale of incipient piracy in the days when pirates were possible and when seamen, if we may judge from the illustrations, wore lace frills at their wrists. For a story of sea-ventures, it is rather deficient in climaxes.

**Merton—Confessions of a Chorus Girl.** By Madge Merton. Grafton Press. 75 cts.

The reader who expects to find this a reckless tale will be surprised to discover how all the ugly side of theatrical life is covered. Only a jolly, innocent, and good-natured career is depicted. Swift in movement, cheerful and careless, the little sketch runs on and will charm a half-hour for any one. We feel grateful to Madge Merton for her light-hearted confessions.

**Moore—Castle Omeragh.** By F. Frankfort Moore. Appleton. \$1.50.

It is an unaccountable fact that of late we have had so many queer heroes in our novels, and Walter Fawcett in "Castle Omeragh" is about as dense as the author could make him. Of course it was for the sake of a plot that Mr. Moore has the hero to take for granted that his sweetheart has given her heart to his

brother; but in view of the pains taken by the fair lady to show her preference it is manifestly ridiculous and utterly improbable that a man could so befool himself. And, evidently, the only reason that the second pair of lovers quarrel and that the maiden flees disguised from Castle Omeragh under the protection of a priest, is that she may be followed and a reconciliation take place. But we are never told the cause for her flight, and it seems a poor expedient to have a woman behave in such an absurd manner merely for the sake of introducing a description of Ireland after it had been devastated by Cromwell and his troops. Authors should remember that they are writing for an intelligent public, and when there is more common sense and a little more logic in fiction novelists will win our respect and consideration. However, the fighting scenes in "Castle Omeragh" are good, and the last chapters, in which Oliver Cromwell is introduced and the siege of Clonmel raised, rouse one to enthusiasm.

**Nathen-Bartlett—The Gap in the Garden.** By Vanda Nathen-Bartlett. Lane. \$1.50.

If the title is symbolic we do not perceive it. The burden of the tale is love and the purpose is character-study. There is a maturity of sentiment as well as of literary form in the composition of the story. At the same time it is rather slow in its movement. The course of love is erratic, but the novel is wholesome, morally. The psychological analysis is not too deep and subtle.

**Naylor—Under Mad Anthony's Banner.** By James Ball Naylor. Saalfeld Pub. Co. \$1.50.

A melodramatic story with treachery, murder, and Indian warfare tacked on to some of the incidents of Wayne's campaign in 1793. Mad Anthony plays but little part in the pages, and his banner is but an incidental to the plot.

**Palmer—The Vagabond.** By F. Palmer. Scribner. \$1.50.

There is one good point in the stories of the Civil War—they are all alike, and when one is read, all are read. The hero is always in the Northern army (probably because a hero should be a conqueror); the heroine is always a beautiful, haughty Southern firebrand. Then there is either a father or grandfather, a gentleman of the old school with a Chesterfieldian manner, a Confederate rival whom the hero must overcome, and a faithful slave. The sameness is very interesting, for it shows how clever and resourceful, how ingenious and original our recent fiction is. From a score of novels which deal with the struggle between the States one would gather that the armies of Sheridan, Sherman, and Grant were composed of ardent lovers who invaded the enemy's country merely to lay their hearts at the feet of rebel maidens. After reading "The Vagabond" one is forced to the conclusion that Sherman did not know what he was talking about when he said that "war is hell." For the most part Mr. Palmer leaves the impres-

sion that the campaigns of Fredericksburg and the March to the Sea were holiday excursions for the meeting of lovers.

**Rowland—Sea Scamps.** By Henry C. Rowland. McClure, Phillips & Co. \$1.50.

In these eight sinewy stories of adventure in the waters between China, Japan, and the Philippines, scarcely half a dozen paragraphs are given to character analysis, yet the three "scamps," Dr. Boles, Jordan Knapp, and little Brown the artist, are veritably alive. The first two are hardened and confirmed adventurers who bring to the opportunities of the beach-comber minds made acute by education and good descent. Scruples they have left behind,—except such as one might describe as temperamental,—and between love of action, love of money, and a queer, sporadic love of justice, their enterprises are daring and extraordinary.

**Tirebuck—Twixt God and Mammon.** By William Edwards Tirebuck; with a Memoir of the Author by Hall Caine. Appleton. \$1.50.

Probably the days of Camias and of the Venusberg are gone by, if not for all, at any rate for clergymen. Still remains the seductiveness of rich young wife to be had for the asking. So the parson sometimes sells himself for gold. But he is required every time to render as much of an equivalent as is in him. Like this is the ethos of Mr. Tirebuck's posthumous tale, laid in England and Wales. The story is worth while, but somewhat too trivial in parts of description and dialogue. One might call it Wordsworthian romance. Still it is clean, and that is much to be thankful for in these degenerate days.

**Wells—Abeniki Caldwell.** A Burlesque Historical Novel. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated with many old woodcuts. Russell. \$1.50.

The woodcuts are old, of the manner of Peterson's cheap novels in 1850. The burlesque novel may tickle some whose sense of humor is abnormal. We find it ridiculously tiresome, but do not wish to be so narrow-minded as to prevent the great public from getting out of this lubrication all the fun they will.

**Winter—Marty.** By John Strange Winter. Lippincott Co. \$1.25.

A readable and far from hackneyed story, which, if it does not claim grave consideration as "literature," is admirable of its kind. The troubles of honest Marty—whose mother did a discreet business in the discarded clothes of duchesses—upon her marriage to a young man of family, are genuinely pitiful; and indeed Marty and her mother are more human characters than one often finds in more pretentious books. Only a very superior person would be bored by the adventures of Marty.

**Young—Algonquin Indian Tales.** By Egerton Ryerson Young. Eaton & Mains. \$1.25.

There is much fresh and valuable folk-lore matter in this volume. The author speaks

from the vantage-ground of personal knowledge of the Indians acquired during a long residence in the Northwest. It is an odd feature in the world of letters to read the approval of an Indian chief upon a literary effort. Here we have a letter from Keche Cheman, chief of the Ojibways, expressing pleasure in this effort to save the legends of his people from oblivion. The substance is better than the manner. The stories, reduced to a certain uniformity in names, are related to a couple of American children somewhat as the adventures of Brer Rabbit are told, but the charm of Uncle Remus is quite lacking.

## HISTORY

**Dewitt—The Impeachment and Trial of Andrew Johnson.** By David Miller Dewitt. Macmillan. \$3.00.

Besmirched and vilified as he was by his successful opponents in Congress, Andrew Johnson has always held a low position in popular esteem. Thanks to this sane book, it will now be popularly recognized that Mr. Johnson's attitude towards the negro was that of the far-seeing statesman, while many of the present day evils of the negro question are directly traceable in their aggravated form to the legislation opposed by him, and enacted under the auspices of his strenuous opponents, the utopian idealists of the North. This book can be highly commended to all interested in the most fundamental of our social questions, the negro problem, and this commendation is made all the stronger as Mr. Dewitt's attitude is never that of the partisan. He holds himself, and his subject also, well in hand, and has made an important contribution to our knowledge of American history.

**Dickinson—Letters from a Farmer of Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies.** By John Dickinson. Historical introduction by R. T. H. Halsey. Outlook Co. \$7.50.

An elegant limited edition (260 copies; with 39 more on Japan paper at \$15.00) of twelve letters printed in a Philadelphia newspaper in 1767, subsequently copied by almost all of the Colonial papers, and afterward published in book form in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, London, Dublin, and Paris. The advertisement of the Boston edition aptly described them as "unrivalled for strength of argument, elegance of diction, knowledge in the laws of Great Britain, and the true interest of the Colonies"; and a historian of our own day (Prof. M. C. Tyler) remarks that "their appearance may, perhaps, fairly be described as, upon the whole, the most brilliant event in the literary history of the Revolution." They amply deserve reproduction and perpetuation in the present sumptuous form.

**Garrison—Texas.** By George P. Garrison. American Commonwealths Series. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.10.

The most fundamental questions in history, and in present day politics, are race problems, the conflicts of different civilizations. From

this standpoint no commonwealth offers a more interesting field of investigation to the historian than does Texas. Mr. Garrison recognizes this on his title-page, for his subtitle is "A Contest of Civilizations," but in his book he tends to obscure this deep thread running through Texan history by a mass of unimportant details. Nor is the book wholly satisfactory from the standpoint of space allotted to the different periods of the commonwealth's history. Too much space has been devoted to the abortive attempts at settlement by the French and Spanish, too little to the Anglo-American invasion, to the part played by the United States in the Texan revolt from Mexico, and to the subsequent diplomatic negotiations between free Texas and its real parent country. A close parallel has been drawn between what occurred recently in South Africa and events two generations ago in Texas. This book should enable us to test the accuracy of this parallel, but it will only furnish disappointment to those who desire to do so.

**Smith—Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec.** By Justin H. Smith. Putnam. \$2.00.

This critical study of the American invasion of Canada in 1775 and 1776 is the first accurate and complete history of the expedition that has been written. The author shows clearly the inadequacy of former accounts, and appears to do his work so carefully and thoroughly that it may be regarded as the "final word" on the subject. A reprint of Arnold's "Journal" is added, with eighteen maps and plans illustrating his route. The book is an important contribution to the history of the period.

**Whitcomb—A History of Modern Europe.** By Merrick Whitcomb. Appleton. \$1.10.

Though designed for use as a text-book, this little volume will serve better and on the whole most satisfactorily as a sketch of modern European history for the general reader. It is written in a pleasant flowing style well adapted for the latter purpose, and in addition, the absence of concrete statement, the infrequent use of dates, the emphasis of the deeper social relations of series of events combine to make the book unfit for the immature mind. In a text-book we require direct definite statement, not vagueness and suggestion, even though the latter method may produce a truer picture. The novel feature in the arrangement of the material is the unwontedly large space devoted to recent history. This is in line with the practical spirit of the age, and represents the Kaiser's ideals in education.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**Bourget—Some Impressions of Oxford.** By Paul Bourget. English version by M. C. Warrilow, with drawings by Edmund H. New. Bell.

Not of late date are these letters to a friend. Written in 1884, they have been but recently translated and issued in a pretty little volume



of 88 pages. Bourget's comments on the English University are not very original, but the charm of his style in setting forth common-places is not lost in the English dress and the bits of reminiscence of his own educational experience on French soil interwoven into his observations of Oxford methods and manners give a personal touch differentiating his impressions from those of other tourists to the Isis.

**Carpenter—The American Advance.** By Edmund J. Carpenter. Lane. \$2.50.

The Spanish War in many ways opened a new era in our national history, and incidentally it brought into popular view the wonderful story of our territorial expansion. To supply the interest aroused by this subject many popular books have appeared, of which not a single one has added to our knowledge of this phase of our national development, but of which each one we presume has contributed to making the essentials of this existing stock of knowledge the common property of all. The latest of these books is at present under review. As it follows so closely on that of Mowry, a comparison suggests itself. Mowry's book excels in useful statistical tables and in numerous clear maps. While not exhaustive, it is a good book for ordinary reference. Carpenter's work, on the other hand, is essentially narrative in form, and contains no statistical tables, and only one map. The absence of an index, which is inexcusable under all circumstances in a book of this nature, naturally absolutely prevents its use for reference purposes. As a narrative of our territorial expansion it is in the main satisfactory, being readable and interesting. Its chief defects are occasional inaccuracies, here and there a marked dithyrambic note in the style, and a strong patriotic feeling which at times degenerates into chauvinism, and which prevents Mr. Carpenter from even striving to reach that lofty impartial standpoint that should ever be the historian's goal.

**Hale-Saveur—En Son Nom.** Pierre Valdo et les "Pauvres de Lyon" par Edward Everett Hale. Traduit avec l'Autorisation de l'Auteur par Mary Prince Saveur, et Annoté par Lambert Saveur. Jenkins. 60 cts.

Truly a happy thought to put Dr. Hale's beautiful story into French to serve as a textbook! All of the work, introduction, translation, and notes, is most carefully conceived and accomplished.

**Morley—Down North and Up Along.** By Margaret Warner Morley. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.00.

This is the informal record of the travels of two young women "Down North"—which is the term "applicable to any journey northward from the southernmost point of Nova Scotia"; and "Up Along,"—which, "like the same term on Cape Cod, is used of travelling along the edge of the land, that long strip by the sea." As part of the journey was accomplished emigrant style, in a wagon stuffed with

provisions and cooking utensils, the story suggests an enviably unconventional and satisfying expedition; one wonders, indeed, why it only suggests, why the narrative is not more vivid or enthusiastic. "Down North" will serve, however, as a very pleasant little guide-book. It is illustrated with photographs.

**Paret—The Plays of Mævonius: Praxiteles.** By Thomas Dunkin Paret. The Marion Press.

The play is not a translation, as one might suppose at first sight, Mævonius being an imaginary dramatist. The plot is the author's own, and is better on the whole than the development. The edition is limited to three hundred numbered copies, and is elegantly printed in quarto form.

**Protheroe—Life in the Merchant Marine.** By Charles Protheroe. Lane. \$1.25.

Those whose culinary knowledge is inadequate to call for "Harriet Lane," "Dog's body," and "Dandy funk" need to read this book, which is much more curious and attractive than the definite title promises. Just as Roman Catholics in this country lead a life of their own, the character of which we can only conjecture, so the Merchant Marine is peculiar to the extent of being eerie. Mr. Protheroe shows all this, stopping every now and then by the way to spin a yarn.

**Riis—The Peril and Preservation of the Home.** Being the William L. Bull Lectures for the Year 1903. Jacobs. \$1.50.

Every one who knows Mr. Riis knows his impetuosity and power. In these lectures they come out and appear quite lively and lifelike. Mr. Riis is an enthusiast who sets part of the world on fire, and we hope that these vigorous lectures will have wide circulation. They are of the best of their kind and profusely illustrated, and as a matter of course deal with genuine salvation. All honor to Mr. Riis! More power to his tongue and pen!

**Stevens-Noble—Our Lady of Rhyme.** By Thomas Wood Stevens and Charles Alden Noble. Blue Sky Press, Chicago.

The April-wooded verses of the two troubadours whose names appear conjointly on the title-page of this little volume come somewhat as a relief to the histrionic gloom and heroic labor which many of our poets are at present imposing upon themselves (and us, their hapless readers). There is a disarming gay mockery in the preface to "Sweet Ladies," a frank avowal that the authors have dared "to lift a lute whose strings have long been still"—and besides, a deft use of tricky verse-forms, and a nimble fancy withal,—the which prepare us to give a debonair greeting and Godspeeding to those jaunty disciples of "Waller and Lovelace and More." Some few of these poems, moreover, have a motive founded in real sentiment.

**Wells—Pete and Polly Stories.** By Carolyn Wells. McClurg. \$1.50.

In her dedication to the friend who is "sensible

enough to enjoy nonsense" Miss Wells has provided herself with a retort for the reader who shall confess that Pete and Polly are beyond his powers of appreciation. Nevertheless, she cannot thus easily bully us into accepting Pete and Polly as genuine nonsense. One need only compare them with some of Miss Wells's other work to discover that they are no such thing. The book is simply a wholesale distortion of a very reputable language, interspersed with puns and jingles. It is apparently intended for children; yet one shudders to think of the task of that patient kindergartner who should attempt to restore an infant mind to its normal equilibrium after a course of Pete and Polly. Miss F. Y. Cory's illustrations are, as always, delightful.

## SHAKESPEARIANA

**Burgess—The Bible in Shakespeare.** By William Burgess. Winona Publishing Co. \$1.50 net.

The more important features of this book are lists of passages from Shakespeare in which he refers to Bible characters, facts, incidents, places, etc.; of Bible words for which he furnishes interpretations; of "Scripture and Shakespeare parallels"; and of illustrations of "moral and religious truths arranged in cyclopaedic order"—this last division (pp. 117-265) being much the largest. The interspersed criticism is often good, but sometimes quite the reverse, and passages are very often misquoted. The author refers to preceding works on the subject, but seems to be ignorant of the best one, Bishop Wordsworth's "Shakespeare's Knowledge and Use of the Bible."

**Moulton—The Moral System of Shakespeare.** By Richard G. Moulton, M.A., Ph.D. Macmillan. \$1.50 net.

This book will need no commendation for those who are familiar with the author's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist," now in its third edition. The present work considers the plays from an entirely different point of view. These plays "make a world of their own, a world of personages, of incidents, of story." We may survey this imaginary world "from the same standpoint from which the moralist surveys the world of reality"; and the results of such a survey will give us "the moral system of Shakespeare." The inquiry, as treated, falls into three parts. First, select dramas are presented to illustrate the "root ideas" in this moral system; secondly, Shakespeare's world is surveyed in its "moral complexity"; and thirdly, the "forces of life" therein are considered, "from personal will at one end of the scale to overruling Providence at the other end." An appendix gives "formal schemes of plot" for each of the plays, quite unlike ordinary analyses of the kind and extremely interesting in their way.

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION

**Abbott—The Other Room.** By Lyman Abbott. Outlook Co. \$1.00.

Dr. Abbott, from a new point of view, dis-

courses on the life beyond the grave. Death is not the end of life, but an event in life. Through it we pass into the other room. Perhaps, this is in the fourth dimension. Perhaps we shall not, like Boccaccio at the request of Fiammetta, drink all of the water of oblivion. Who knows but we may visit the glimpses of the moon! At any rate Dr. Abbott's book ought to bring consolation to many a bereaved heart, for his are the consolations of God.

**Barnard—The Door in the Book.** By Charles Barnard. Illustrated by Mary A. Lathbury. Revell Co. \$1.00 net.

To retell the Bible stories in a graphic or realistic fashion requires not only imagination or fancy, but much archaeological learning. This latter Mr. Charles Barnard lacks. Consequently the result is not altogether satisfying, though the idea is ingenious and likely to attract readers.

**Benson—Studies of Familiar Hymns.** By Louis F. Benson, D.D. The Westminster Press. \$1.50.

A scholarly study of the origins of our hymns might have been a valuable contribution to knowledge; but Dr. Benson's book is not in the highest sense scholarly. In most cases the hymn, coupled with a facsimile of the manuscript and a picture of the author, is taken simply as a peg upon which to hang a quantity of extraneous information. For example, "O Little Town of Bethlehem" gives the impetus to a chapter which ends with a somewhat supererogatory sketch of the life of Phillips Brooks, while it will come to most of us as a considerable shock to see the whole existence of Tennyson and Dean Milman made to hinge about the two poems, "Crossing the Bar" and "O Help Us, Lord; Each Hour of Need." The method of treatment is similar to that of the anatomist who described the dog from observations on the curl of his tail.

**Holbrook—The Book of Nature Myths.** By Florence Holbrook. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$0.65 net.

A collection of North American Indian myths put into simple language for children, and likely to interest them in both nature and history.

**Newman—A Manual of Church History.** By Albert Henry Newman, D.D., LL.D. Vol. II. "Modern Church History, 1517-1903." American Baptist Pub. Soc. \$1.75.

This large book was designed primarily for use in theological seminaries as a manual, and it will probably serve this purpose satisfactorily. The arrangement of the material and the method of presentation make it also serviceable as a reference book. The highly condensed narrative, while admirable for such purposes, renders the book well-nigh impossible for general reading.

**Price and Gilbert—Heroes of Myth.** By Lillian L. Price and Charles B. Gilbert. Silver, Burdett & Co. \$0.50 net.

Ten mythical stories from as many different lands: Egypt, China, India, Persia, Japan, Greece, Rome, Britain, Germany, and Russia; one of a series of similar books for the home and school reading of children.

**Savage—Men and Women.** By Minot J. Savage. American Unitarian Association, Boston. 80 cts.

Author of many books, Dr. Savage here gives us his reflections on the various relations which the two sexes sustain to each other. He inquires first into the peculiar virtues of each, and then proceeds to discuss love and marriage, parent and child, home and society, the ethics of divorce, and the growing independence of women. The views here put forth may not be specially striking, but they are usually sane and fair. He brushes aside rather impatiently the discussion of intellectual inferiority on the woman's side, and, while not asserting the wisdom of every claim which in these days she makes, believes it sheer justice that her emancipation should be absolutely unrestricted; he would let her choose for herself.

#### TRAVEL

**Abbott—Old Paths and Legends of New England.** By Katharine M. Abbott. Putnam. \$3.50.

A well-written and profusely illustrated record of "saunterings over historic roads, with glimpses of picturesque fields and old homesteads in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New Hampshire." This subordinate title gives the special "note" of the handsome volume, which differs from other books of its class in diverging for the most part from the beaten tracks of the antiquarian and the artist into the quaint by-paths and out-of-the-way localities which are comparatively unvisited and unknown, though rich in scenic,

historical, and legendary interest. It abounds in curious matter more fascinating than fiction, and the beautiful illustrations add greatly to its charm.

**Brochner—Danish Life in Town and Country.** By Jessie Brochner. Putnam. \$1.20.

It is sufficient praise to say that this volume is nowise inferior in interest to its seven predecessors in the attractive series of "Our European Neighbours"; if, indeed, it does not surpass them in that respect, as dealing with a country and a people less familiar to most of us than France, Germany, Russia, Holland, Switzerland, Spain, and Italy.

**Rawnsley—Lake Country Sketches.** By the Rev. H. D. Rawnsley. Glasgow: Jas. MacLehose and Sons. \$1.75.

Canon Rawnsley finds the English Lake region an inexhaustible theme of natural, historical, and literary interest, this being his fifth book on the district. All its predecessors have passed into second editions and the present volume is likely to be equally successful. Reminiscences of Wordsworth and other literary men associated with the Lakes, with humbler folk their neighbors, the Roman and Norse antiquities, the mountain and valley scenery, and the "arctic splendors" of the region in winter are among the topics presented.

**Starr—Gardens of the Caribbees.** By Ida M. Starr. 2 vols. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$2.40.

This latest addition to the "Travel Lovers' Library" sketches very pleasantly a cruise to the West Indies and the Spanish Main in the winter and spring of 1901. The trip included Haiti, San Domingo, Porto Rico, St. Thomas, Martinique, Trinidad, Venezuela, Curaçao, Jamaica, and Cuba. The scenery and life of the regions visited are well described, and the copious illustrations from photographs admirably supplement the narrative.

*For List of Books Received, see third page following.*



